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MEM. Cut out the "J.B." Pen Coupon. *See Page 14.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXV. No. 673. SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1919. TWOPENCE.
[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

AN IDEAL INVESTMENT
Total up a lifetime's rent of the house you now occupy, and you will realise that our system of house purchase by means of easy instalments offers the finest possible investment.
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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

THREE HOLY HYPOCRITES

A Real Help

to the Housewife is Milkmaid Café au Lait, for it requires neither milk nor sugar—an important consideration in these days of short supplies and high prices.

MILKMAID CAFÉ AU LAIT.

Leaves No "Grounds" for Complaint.

A splendidly invigorating and sustaining beverage, superior to ordinary coffee and equalled only by the true Café au Lait as served in Paris. Made in a moment and most economical. Try a tin to-day.
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The great work and play Confection

Does more than delight the palate. When high-strung, it steadies you—when jaded, it refreshes you—when "up against it," consoles you—when dumpy, it brightens you—when cheerful, it's good company. Proved on the battelfield and in the strenuous work-a-day world.

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Ask for ADAMS Pure Chewing Gum—the first ever made and by every test, the best. Several other ADAMS flavours to choose from, including CHICLETS, the famous candy coated gum.

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Fire is no respecter of persons—protect yourself by accepting our FREE fire offer on page 16.

JOHN BULL

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to Itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXV. No. 673. Week ending Saturday, April 26th, 1919. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The "Wee Frees."

We are not pleased with the attitude of the non-Coalition Liberals towards the Aliens peril. Evidently the war has taught them nothing about the dangers of the doctrine of asylum.

The Soldiers' Vote.

"I was the only man in my platoon to vote, because the others were suspicious of all the free literature which came to us praising up Ministers." What a sham the Election was!

An Excellent "Peace" Idea.

One of our readers suggests that if the Terms of Peace turn out to be unsatisfactory, we should refrain from "celebrating" them in any way. Excellent.

Public House Hours.

Mr. Ralph Bankes, the South-Western Police Court Magistrate, hopes we shall never go back to the 12.30 a.m. closing hour. So do we. But, at the same time, we hope working men will have decent homes to go to.

More Amenities.

The *Westminster Gazette* dubs us "a great stunt artist"; in the opinion of the *Star* we are "a fanatic who will not listen to the voice of humanity"; the *Daily News* speaks of our "low greed." Nice to be in public life, isn't it?

Praise from India.

On the other hand, one does sometimes get a little encouragement. This, for instance, is very pleasant reading from the *Advocate of India*: "The one man who deserves well of Britain and the Empire is Horatio Bottomley—may God preserve him to us till this muddle is over."

The *Amende Honorable*.

Some time ago, the writer of a letter addressed to the *Yorkshire Post* had it returned to him with the message: "We never allow Mr. Bottomley's name to be mentioned in our columns." Now we read in that journal that "when all is said and done, Mr. Bottomley is a very persuasive gentleman." Have we "almost persuaded" our dear brother?

Where's Williams?

Up to the time of going to press, Mr. Bob Williams, of the Transport Workers, has not favoured us with a reply to the invitation to answer our charge that he is an avowed Bolshevist, intent on fomenting revolution and the breaking down of the British Constitution. And we notice he is trying to organise a general strike on May-day—when all the world should be rejoicing!

Leverton Harris Again.

Mr. Leverton Harris left the Government because he dared not fight his seat in consequence of our disclosures of his firm's shameful war porfiteering, and of his wife's visits to the "half-English boy," the German, Von Plessen. What, then, is he doing at the Peace Conference?

More Pankhursting.

Nobody can deny that the Suffragettes, in common with all other women, have made good during the war—and all men are now eager to recognise their just claims. But no more Pankhursting *if* you please.

MY PROMISE TO THE PREMIER.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (in the Commons): I invite some enterprising paper, when the Peace Terms are published, to reproduce all our Election pledges.

Mr. BOTTOMLEY: "Hear, hear." (Cheers.)

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE: And place the two things in parallel columns.

Mr. BOTTOMLEY: That shall be done. (Cheers.)

Divorce Law Reform.

We wonder whether the Bishops in the House of Lords really know the misery and, as they would call it, sin which is caused by the present condition of the law of divorce. How long will they stand—or, rather, sit—in the way?

Fame, Indeed!

The other night we looked in at the Villiers Street, Strand, Cinema, and saw a striking film by Fergus Hume, of "Mystery of a Hansom Cab" fame, entitled, "Top Dog," the *role* of the hero being played by an exceedingly fine and intelligent bulldog named "Bottomley." Good dog!

Wanted—A People's League.

The more we see of the current trend of public affairs, the more convinced do we become that nothing but a great comprehensive League of the People will solve the political and social deadlock. The objects of such League should be the protection of the consumers and great middle class section of the population against the profiteering of the avaricious capitalist on the one hand, and the peril of the irresponsible and revolutionary Labour Leader on the other, and the superseding of time-serving and self-seeking politicians by sane and patriotic statesmen. We hope to return to the subject next week.

Laszlo.

Why has this alien not been deported? Another question for Mr. Shortt!

Fares for Children's Treats.

If the Board of Trade really cannot see its way to reduce railway fares generally, surely it will make an exception in the case of children's treats?

Reformatory Boys.

We suggest that all these lads should be released on the signing of Peace—and given another chance. Such an act of clemency might well change the whole course of their lives.

The Prince's Motto.

People are again asking when the Prince of Wales will drop his German motto, *Ich dien?* Certainly, however, "I Serve"—which those words mean—are applicable to a "Nation of Shopkeepers"; but what about "I Wait"?

"Interesting Figures."

We were wrong in saying that the figures we published last week of the prisoners and guns captured by the respective Allies were for the whole period of the war. We should have said "during the last four months of it."

Still Scoring.

It would seem that we are still filling the bill outside the House, for on the top of the Edinburgh experiment in Proportional Representation, we have come out, on a second count, top of the poll in a similar election at Blairgowrie, with Admiral Beatty.

Richmond in the Field!

A further excellent effort on behalf of the Charles Dickens Home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors is to be made at Richmond, on May 1st, when a ball, unique in its form, is to be held. The dancers are all coming in costumes representing the characters from Dickens' novels. We may put in an appearance as Sergeant Buzfuz. All particulars from the Treasurer of the Dickens Home, at 2, Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C.

"National Morality."

The Rev. W. R. Wilkinson has been orating at the National Free Church Council upon the morality of public life, and he thinks one of the finest illustrations of the irony of things is to be found in the fact that "Horatio Bottomley should be in, and Sir John Simon out, of Parliament." What we think, however, really troubles his soul is the fact that the Treasurer of the Free Church Council was ignominiously rejected at the polls.

Waste in Whitehall.

Considering the way Government Departments have been wasting paper while shrieking at the rest of the population to economise to the last scrap, nobody need be surprised that the 1919-20 Estimates show an increase of £3,704,708 in stationery and printing; to be precise, a rise from £1,575,734 to £5,280,442. Job for job and purpose for purpose, the Government always use about twice as much paper as a private business firm would do.

The Case of the Tuberculous.

It is up to the State to do something practical for the thousands of poor chaps invalided out of the Army with tuberculosis, when that dread disease is the direct result of military service. A course of treatment in a sanatorium, usually fruitless, followed by payment for a few weeks of a temporary pension, is not enough. Permanent pensions, or suitable work in a congenial climate, should be provided for these men, instead of their being abandoned with an incurable disease.

Clerks, Too.

Then take the case of clerks. One, who enlisted in August, 1914, and served two years in France, was discharged in 1917—a physical wreck, suffering from tuberculosis. After a lengthy sojourn in a sanatorium, he obtained in July, 1918, a position as clerk in a Government concern at Edgware. On January 25, our friend found himself without a billet, owing to the closing down of the works. On applying for the out-of-work donation, he was informed that, being a clerk, he was not entitled to anything. Surely there is a mistake somewhere?

Not Much Help.

A war widow, anxious to do her best for her children, decided to start a business. Needing a capital of £100, she applied for a Government loan of that amount, and was told she would have only £25. This compelled her to borrow the remainder from other sources, and it will be a harder task for her to repay it than if she had been able to mortgage her pension till the Government loan was satisfied. But her very fair proposal was not adopted, and she quietly adds—"Though it was decided to grant the £25 last December, it is not yet to hand"!

No Irish Need Apply.

A loyal Irishman (of whom there are more than some folks imagine), after serving close on four years in the Army, applied to join the London Metropolitan Police, but was informed that according to the Chief Commissioner's instructions applications from Irishmen could not be entertained, as it was desired that they should join the R.I.C. We should have thought that a man who was good enough for the British Army was good enough for the Metropolitan Police. And the Chief Commissioner is himself an Irishman!

Packer's Profits.

Hard on our brief reference to the iniquity of the Food Controller permitting the commonest boiled sweets to be sold at 2s. 8d. lb while allowing manufacturing confectioners practically an unlimited supply of sugar at a few pence per pound, we have to hand the accounts of H. J. Packer and Co., of Bristol, chocolate and cocoa manufacturers, showing profits for the past year of £74,041 after allowing for excess profits duty; dividend 25 per cent. for the year, free of income tax. It is for this, apparently, that the price of the cheapest chocolates is maintained at 4s. lb.

The Y.M.C.A. Huts.

Apropos of the "explanation of several Tommies" which we recently published in connection with the looting of the Y.M.C.A. huts at Kinmell Park, whilst those of the Church and Salvation Armies were left untouched, we are assured by Sir Arthur Yapp that there was neither a Church Army nor a Salvation Army hut in that particular part of the camp.

"Fit for Heroes."

Fred Brazier, a miner, was demobilised from the Royal Engineers after having been gassed. A month later his Army pay and wife's separation allowance stopped. And so, although still in a very weak and ill condition, he had to start work. In the third week he had to give up, and shortly afterwards he died. The Jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical certificate, and not one word was said about murder.

Pensions for Merchant Seamen.

Mercantile Jack is beginning to wonder why there is no pension scheme for him, especially when French seamen tell him they get one. Our sailors have proved their indomitable pluck and enduring courage many times over, and the country at last knows their value. Pensions for all of them is a big problem, but when there is any money to spare it should be tackled. To start with, some of the shipowners' enormous profits should be ear-marked.

That Coast Guard Advert.

The Admiralty's advertisement for men to join the Coast Guard is disappointing. Take the case of an ex-Navy man who jumped at the chance to enrol. He possesses the long-service medal and the good conduct medal, but the war has "outed" him, and he is relegated to "work ashore" only. And the Admiralty tells him he cannot join the Coast Guard because "only men who have completed time for pension" are eligible. If they cannot stretch a point in favour of a man like our friend, they are shockingly heartless.

"THREE HOLY HYPOCRITES."
See page 5.

Rough on the Wrafs.

Girls of the W.R.A.F. were last Christmas granted twelve days' special leave, together with a free railway warrant. Because of the latter well-earned concession, they now have to pay full fare when given furlough. They hold that when on service leave, at any rate, they should be furnished with a free pass, or at least a half-fare voucher. One girl, writing from a station in Suffolk, says, "There are several girls here whose parents are in Scotland, and you know what it will cost them to go home." Another instance of economy in the wrong direction.

Soldiers—Also Ran.

There were five selected candidates for the post of General Secretary of the Great Hull War Trust, a job carrying a salary of £400 a year. Two of these were Army Captains, one was a Sergeant-Major, the fourth was a Y.M.C.A. secretary, who withdrew from the contest, and the fifth a civilian employed on the Town Clerk's staff. The position was probably considered rather too good for a mere Commissioned or Warrant Officer, so it was presented to the civilian employee of the Hull Town Clerk. Oh—Hull!

A Hun on the View-Point.

It is better to have a distiller on the Bench than a man of Austrian birth in a pub. Especially when that pub. is a Marine Hotel with a fine outlook on a Naval base. We notice that at the Burgh Licensing Court, Nairn, Bailie Fletcher, a distiller, voted against the renewal of the licence for the Marine Hotel, of which one Fechtinger, is manager. And why on earth Provost Macrae gave his casting vote in favour of it, Heaven and the Huns only know.

Sub-Post Offices.

Just because the sub-postmasters have shouldered loads of extra work due to war conditions, the Postmaster-General has shown his appreciation by ordering them one more hour's labour per day. Sub-post offices are bidden to open an hour earlier every morning, making 11 hours a day—instead of taking a step towards the national 8. The regulation is as undeserved as it is unnecessary, and we are not surprised there is hubbub in the sub-offices.

A Crusher for Chemists.

Pharmaceutical students, released from the Army, hailed with joy the offer of Government aid at college. Some were so confident that they borrowed money for their fees, trusting to repay by means of State aid. Now comes the astonishing fiat that no student may start until October next, those already entering college to receive no help at all. This is merely an order for men to lie idle and waste time, punishing those who have been eager enough to make a start.

Steady!

Although we recently voiced the need for releasing more trained nurses from the Army in the interest of the civilian sick, we did not expect the authorities to respond in such haste as to inflict hardship on those industrious and self-sacrificing ladies who have earned the soldiers' deepest gratitude. It is not fair to demobilise nurses at 48 hours' notice, as is being done, regardless of whether they have posts to go to, or homes to which to return. Many are finding themselves turned off, with only their meagre gratuity between them and starvation.

Owen More.

In principle, Universities exist for the betterment of humanity. They are, in intention, nurseries of Science, Truth, and Justice. They must have temporarily overlooked the last sublime principle at Manchester University, for we hear of a former assistant in one of the laboratories, close on 30 years of age, and after four years' active service, being invited to return to his old job at 25s. weekly, an offer increased to 30s. upon it being pointed out that the unemployed get 29s. for doing nothing. Manchester must not be allowed to become a synonym for meanness.

An Old Man's Dole.

There is an old chap living near Rugby, now over 70. He has brought up a large family in high respectability. But his best earnings have been 17s. 6d. a week. He has been lame for 14 years, so his wage dropped to 10s. It is now nothing at all, for he is out of work—and past it. Yet his Old Age Pension is the reduced sum of 4s. 6d. a week, the full amount being refused him for some incomprehensible reason. His case is to be reconsidered, perhaps, some day, if he be so lucky as to live long enough. But it is a crying shame to make him wait, and wait

"The Song of the Shirt."

We are glad to know that the Master Tailor at the Depot, Royal Marines, Deal, is not responsible for fixing the rate of pay for making flannel vests for the Navy—6s. 3d. a dozen and find your own cotton—although soldiers' wives and dependents were instructed to apply to him for the work. We have pleasure in making this point clear—and commiserate the Master Tailor in having to act as camouflage for the official sweaters.

The Pit of Edmonton.

The good people of Edmonton, especially those living near Park Road, are wondering what sort of scent there will be in the locality when the summer comes along. The Council has got hold of a disused gravel pit in Park Road, and shoots into it all the rubbish and house refuse of the whole parish. The pit is close to the road and about seventy yards from house property, and, even now things are beginning to hum. What with rats and effluvia, it, as the song used to say, "Ain't all Lavender." Let the Councillors put on gas-masks, and go and inspect.

Ships' Officers.

We have all cried: "Hats off to the Merchant Service!" Well, captains and other officers of merchant ships captured by German raiders were placed by the enemy in officers' camps, being allowed maintenance money—as officers. Then the British Government refused to recognise such payments, and said those captains and others were to be treated as civilians. This would have meant bad times for them, but the enemy, acting decently for once, retained them in the officers' camps, permitting them to pay for their own keep. Now, each of those ships' officers is some £40 or £50 out of pocket, and the Board of Trade does not move to refund a penny!

Salford Celebrations.

Salford is going to celebrate Peace in splendid style. There is to be a Mayoral procession to Sacred Trinity Church, and the Worshipful Mayor is to give a luncheon to members of the Council—brave fellows! There will also be a garden party to which wounded soldiers will be invited; the school children are to be presented with medals—in virtue of their connection with the infantry, no doubt; and old people are to be entertained at tea. At the Council meeting, when these proposals were adopted, it was mentioned that there were 15,000 demobilised men in the borough—too many to entertain! Never mind. So long as the gallant Councillors get their Peace Luncheon, it is not for the men who merely fought to grumble, if they *are* ignored.

On the Wires.

Everybody knows by experience all about telegraphic delay. One excuse advanced by the G.P.O. is a shortage of telegraphists. Yet an ex-soldier, demobilised with five chevrons, an expert telegraphist from the Royal Engineers, is gravely informed by St. Martin's-le-Grand that there are no vacancies. This must mean either cold-shouldering a good man or an official preference for blocked wires.

V.A.D. Workers.

When one weighs it up, it does appear anomalous that out-of-work donation is given to munition girls, who have been earning good wages, but is totally denied to V.A.D. workers, Wrens, and others, who have been underpaid all the while. The V.A.D. members received £20 a year, and are now being shunted without a penny, and even without thanks. That unemployment pay, besides causing much mischief, has been sadly mismanaged.

"The Reward of Valour."

The Sunderland War Pensions Committee take up the cudgels in regard to the case of Ralph Greathead, discharged from the Army without a pension, after being wounded and gassed, and who subsequently attempted suicide as he was unable, through his condition, to get employment. Greathead for some reason or other was discharged as in Category A 1 (scandalous on the face of it), was receiving the unemployment benefit of 29s. a week, and, we are told, had not made any claim to a pension. But surely it should be the duty of some proper authority to grant the pension voluntarily!

Promise—and Performance.

The recent promise that demobbed soldiers would be afforded every facility for the purchase of disused Military stores now appears to be all my eye and Betty Martin. The cloven hoof of the Government Contractor has intervened. A soldier about to be discharged applied to the Chief Ordnance Officer for particulars of tents and huts there might be for disposal, with a view to making a purchase to enable him to start business as a caterer. The reply was: "It is regretted that these cannot be sold to private individuals; all Government stores available for sale, are sold to Government Contractors only." This to an "Old Contemptible"—and M.M!

Watch this figure GROW!
The Number of Claims already Paid under our Free Fire Insurance is: **50**
For Registration Forms see page 16.

"Special Inducements."

By the way, recent frequent announcements in the Press to the effect that discharged soldiers would be offered "special inducements" to purchase disused Army motor-cycles, lorries or cars, seem also to be eye-wash. A soldier, now due for dispersal, who has been riding a W.D. motor-cycle for 3½ years, wrote the Ministry of Munitions, asking if a purchase could be effected by means of deferred payments. The reply was merely a list of forthcoming auction sales, and the intimation that should the inquirer be interested in any vehicle "this Department will endeavour to include it in an early sale." Not a word as to the all-important question of payment by instalments!

"Pharisees in the Temple."

Ample confirmation is forthcoming of our remarks on "Pharisees in the Temple," in which we severely criticised the hypocritical cant of the Trustees of Blofield (Norwich) Mission in discharging its old beloved pastor, Mr. Thomas Payne, and turning him out of his Manse after they had sweated him in "the work of the Lord" at £80 a year. The Trustees, who reside in Scotland, acted on their power to do this without consulting the members of the Mission, and without giving the Pastor any opportunity of explanation or defence. The "only redeeming feature" of this disgraceful scandal in a Christian church, says a local reader, "is the great kindness of the Rector of Blofield and others" towards the faithful Nonconformist Pastor in his pressing need.

Order of the Boot.

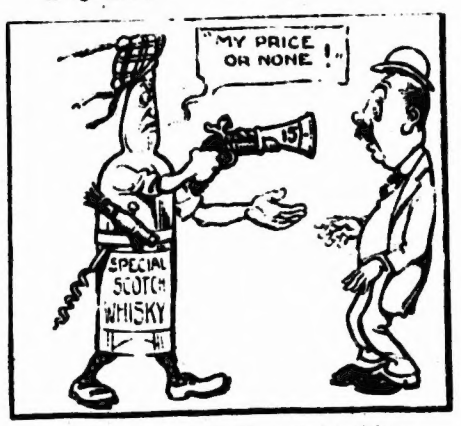
Amplifying our recent Candid Communication to Sir Robert Horne, signs are not wanting that the Labour Ministry and the Government are playing a scurvy trick together. We have said that men sent by the Labour Exchanges to the Post Office for a job are required to sign a form agreeing that they may be dismissed without notice; and now we have information that discharged soldiers who have signed such forms have already been kicked out. One is a silver-badge man who writes from Catford. Six have been dismissed from Wellington Post Office at only one week's notice; yet Wellington has no night delivery, and a night delivery would keep some at least of these men in employment. We have before spoken of the example the Government are setting to private employers. It is not one for pretty perorations.

£500 for a "Bullet."

Our "Bullets" First Prize has for this week only, been increased to £500. Go in and win!

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

There'll be no peace for you and me
If George persists in secrecy.



If this goes on, 'twill soon be risky
To even look at a drop of whisky!

And if *this* goes on, we'll all be frantic
Before they fly the broad Atlantic.

Instead of giving the aliens mustard
Shortt offers us a puling bastard!

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Dear Chancellor,—It is, of course, strictly in accordance with Front Bench tradition that you should preserve the silence of the sphinx in regard to your Budget intentions, but I hope you are satisfied of the justice of the demand that soldiers' and sailors' pensions and gratuities should be exempted from income tax. This is a most unfair impost, especially in the case of disabled men, and both the House and the country will be profoundly disappointed if you do not give immediate relief.

John Bull.

To the Rev. T. Hancocks, Cavendish Baptist Church, Ramsgate.

Rev. Sir,—From a perusal of one of your recent sermons, I gather you are shocked to your moral and religious marrow that as a licence has been granted to enable the Pavilion in your town "to be used as a Cinema on Sunday afternoons and a Concert Room on Sunday evenings," henceforth all is over with Ramsgate. Gone is its popularity on earth and its place in Heaven. The town will be ruined because all the "better-class people" will keep away! I much fear you are over-worrying yourself about your collection, old chap. Some of you Ramsgate pastors do make Sunday deadly dull!

John Bull.

To D. J. Howe, Esq., Fuel Overseer, Clacton-on-Sea.

Dear Sir,—Who, I should like to know, gave you authority to issue or impose the order that Clacton dealers were not to be permitted to supply coal to anyone except on your Permit, which according to the local paper would only be granted by you on a doctor's certificate? By the middle of the week you discovered that you had misread your instructions, for your unwarrantable restriction was then withdrawn. Happily all's well that ends well; but even the thought of the continuance of your restriction must have given a lot of holiday-making people the shivers. John Bull.

To J. Openshaw, Esq., J.P., Chairman of the Preston Quarter Sessions.

Dear Sir,—When you have before you a man who was appointed Surveyor and Sanitary Inspector, Gas and Water Manager and Collector of Rates to the Croston Urban District Council, at a salary of £90 a year, which in 1916 was raised to £130 a year; and when you admit that the Council was directly encouraging him to commit the offence of small pilfering with which he was charged, it is—shall I say?—a trifle illogical to pop the man in prison for four months with hard labour. And a little unmerciful, too. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Lord Sterndale, President of the Prize Court.

My Lord President,—Not long ago, you condemned as a lawful prize of war, the sum of 24,000 marks and £4,000 in dollars taken from the Countess Ella Matuschka, the wife of a German Count, while she was travelling by steamship to Germany from the United States. As to the justification for this seizure there was never a shadow of doubt, and I am at a loss to know why you should suggest to the authorities that, in spite of the Prize Court decision, the money should be returned. Far better keep the cash on account of the Indemnity.

John Bull.

To the Chairman of Magistrates, Exeter.

Sir,—Thorn Brothers, the Exeter-Exmouth carriers, had been several times previously fined for cruelty and overloading horses. "Within the last twelve months," Inspector Lyle told you, "two of their horses had dropped down dead in the road and a third had to be killed." The horse which was their victim in this case was "a living skeleton" and covered with wounds and sores. In these circumstances how can I describe the fines inflicted, "50s. and 30s. respectively," as other than ludicrous. The Bench ought to be thoroughly ashamed of themselves. John Bull.

To Mr. J. Baker, Cwmbwria Tinplate Works, Swansea.

Sir,—I see that you were in the chair the other night at a banquet given by the management of the Cwmbwria Works to some eighty employees of the firm on their return from active service. It appears that this convivial gathering, to which the whole of the workers were invited, was quite in the nature of a family party, and therefore to be welcomed as an earnest of that hearty good fellowship between masters and men which is the best of all guarantees for industrial peace and prosperity. You have set an excellent example. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Edward Shortt, M.P., Home Secretary.

Dear Home Secretary,—You have, I understand, been officially notified of a case at Norfolk Quarter Sessions in which a feeble-minded prisoner was remanded to gaol simply because there was no suitable institution to which he could be sent. It is easy to appreciate the difficulty in which the magistrates were placed, but you must be well aware that the surroundings of a prison are often the worst possible environment for a person of unsound mind, and I trust some more humane provision may soon be made for those who through mental infirmity have transgressed the law.

John Bull.

To Alderman S. G. Kimber, Mayor of Southampton.

Dear Mr. Mayor,—Pray don't think me rude, but I am wondering why, when your Electricity Committee wanted a new Chief Engineer, they should have fixed on the gentleman from South Shields without giving anyone else a look in. Personally, I think it would have been much fairer to everyone concerned if the position had been advertised in the usual way, for, in that event, you could have taken your time, and helped yourself to the pick of the bunch. I notice, by the way, that your late Borough Treasurer and your present Tramways Manager also hail from South Shields. Sounds a bit queer! John Bull.

AN ASTONISHING SCANDAL.

GIRLS AS MEN'S LAVATORY ATTENDANTS.

Hundreds of pounds of the taxpayers' money have been wasted in the erection of Bulwark Camp, Chepstow. This was intended for the soldiers who were to be engaged upon the National Shipyards, but the altered plans of the Government have meant the withdrawal of the military—and a huge camp is now practically deserted save for a few shipyard workers. The buildings are of a permanent character, like the huge "unwanted" hospital—upon which £100,000 is said to have been spent—within a stone's throw of the camp. But it is not the wasteful expenditure that gives us so much concern as the treatment of discharged and disabled soldiers. There are four men's lavatories attached to the hostels, in which disabled men were employed as attendants at 30s. per week, with board and lodging. Some official or officials, with no sense of decency, thought they could save money by placing girls in charge of these places at half the wage! But the plan was tried and failed! One young woman was employed for a week and then threw up the sponge. Now boys are engaged as attendants at 15s. per week, with board and lodging, and men who have "done their bit" and lost an arm or a leg in fighting for an ungrateful country have been sent adrift, and most of them are to-day unemployed—dependant upon the "generosity" of the Ministry of Pensions. We have verified these facts, which call for prompt inquiry. **Bulwark camp attendants furnish another glaring instance of how the Government have not kept their pledges to the disabled. It looks as though they, too, are "unwanted."**

SOULLESS BUREAUCRACY.

HARSH TREATMENT OF A MISSING HERO'S WIFE.

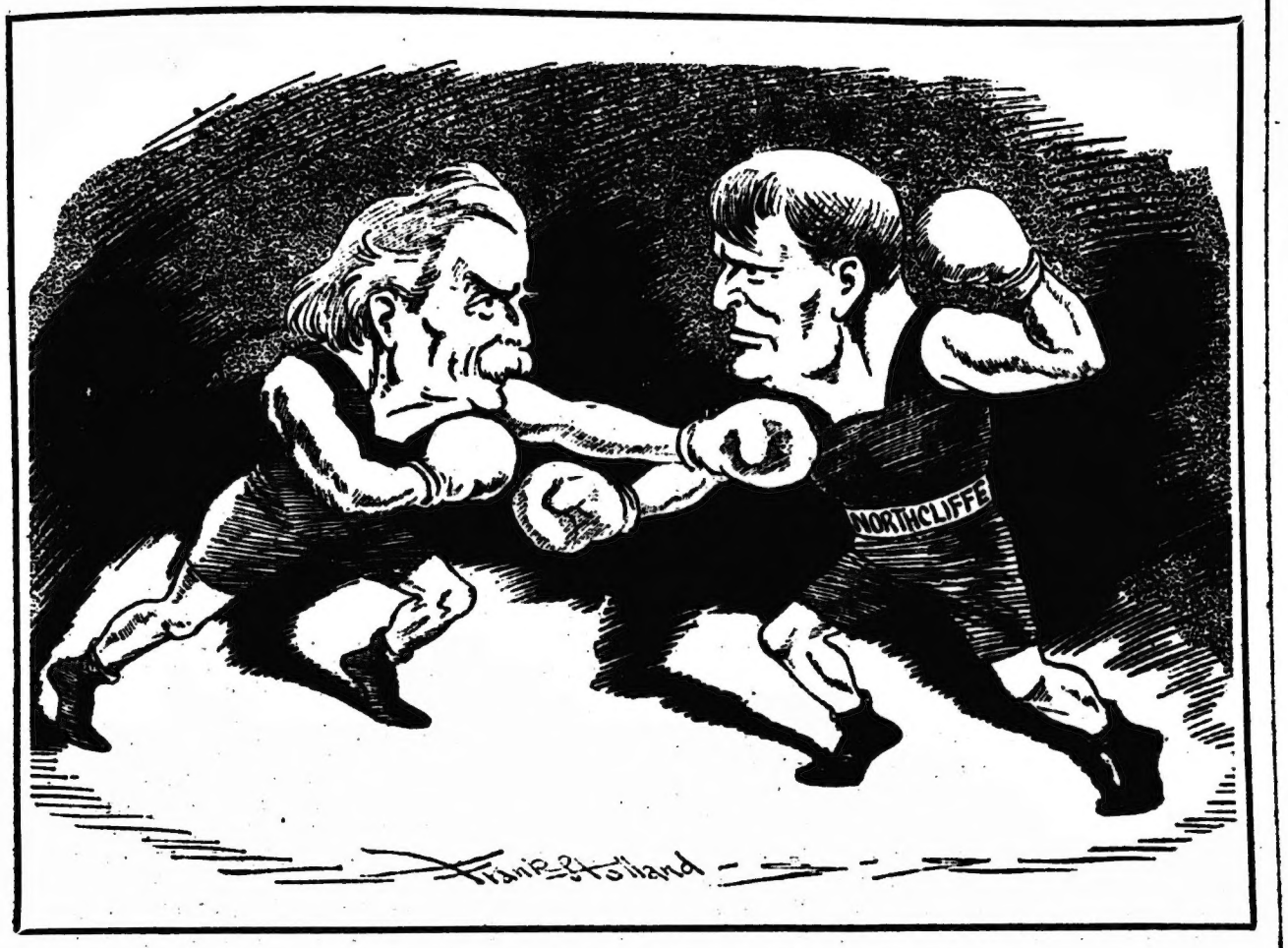
The disappearance of Private T. H. Knight, 571691, Labour Corps, formerly a driver in the R.F.A., calls for elucidation. Joining up on 26th May, 1915, he was wounded and gassed in March, 1916, and after hospital and about twelve months' convalescence, he was marked "unfit for further active service." In June, 1917, he volunteered once more, went to France, and a year later was wounded and gassed again. Returning to England on 6th Sept., 1918, he was transferred to the Labour Corps. One day, when on leave, he was taken ill in the Union Jack Club, was seen by a doctor there, who told him he ought not to be out, and ordered him to a Gas testing centre. On 17th Sept., 1918, he left home to go to hospital, and has neither been seen nor heard of from that day to this. Whatever his fate, technically he at once became a deserter, and his wife's allowance was stopped in consequence on 31st Dec. last. Thrown on the Parish with her two children, she has lost not only a gallant husband but also the material advantages he won for her by his sufferings in the field. We cannot believe that so brave a man became a deserter. That he either took the short way out of his miseries, or is suffering from loss of memory and unable to disclose his identity to the strangers among whom he has fallen is, we think, more probable. The state to which he was reduced was the direct result of his military service, and we consider that his wife is not only entitled to the Gratuity due to him, but also to the same pension she would have received had he been killed in action.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

HARD ON WOUNDED MAN AND SOFT ON RECTOR.

Two men have just been tried for cruelty to animals—a Rector and a disabled soldier. George Wilcox, of Hanley, has lost a leg in the war. The Hanley War Pensions Committee got the King's Fund to make a grant of twenty-five pounds to purchase a horse and float to enable him to earn a living as a hawker. You can imagine what sort of a horse it was! The soldier himself understood nothing about horses. The animal was subsequently found in a field "in a terribly emaciated condition," and Wilcox consented to have it killed. It was mentioned in court that it would have cost him 25s. a week to feed the horse properly. Seems to us that altogether the man was nicely "had," but he was fined £5 or a month. The other case is of the Rev. Henry Barron, Rector of Frettenham, who hired a Yarmouth beach donkey for the winter. When he had the animal it was in fine condition, and was known on the beach as most healthy and reliable. When the animal was sent back to its owner lately, it was in such a desperate condition that it had to be slaughtered. The veterinary surgeon called in by the Rector refused to give evidence on his behalf because of the emaciated condition of the animal. And for this case of gross neglect by a man in comfortable conditions the Magistrate imposed a fine of 10s. and costs! Oh, we forgot to mention that the Hanley Magistrate said he would have sent Wilcox to gaol for three months without the option if he had not been a disabled soldier, with small means. But no such remark seems to have been addressed to the Rector!

A "FRIENDLY" BOUT.



The Welsh Wizard meets the Carmelite Kid.

"HONOURING" THE DEAD.

UNCEREMONIOUS BURIAL OF A NAVAL HERO.

We should like an explanation of the circumstances in which the body of Petty Officer G. S. W. Vatter, a hero of Jutland and Zeebrugge, was recently interred at Bournemouth Cemetery. Taken ill on leave, Vatter was conveyed to the Haslar Hospital at Portsmouth, where he died, the body, at the request of the relatives, being removed to his house at Bournemouth for burial. As a matter of fact, the gallant fellow had expressed a wish that in the event of his death his body should be carried to the grave by his shipmates of H.M.S. *Sharpshooter*, and this sentiment was conveyed to the Naval authorities at Portsmouth, who could not, however, see their way to comply with the request. The widow was directed to apply to the Christchurch Barracks, in the immediate vicinity of Bournemouth, but it was of no avail. The military authorities declined to furnish the outward marks of honour to the naval hero. "Owing to the present shortness of men at this station," ran the letter of refusal, "and the length of the journey involved, it is regretted that a gun-carriage and party cannot be supplied as requested." These excuses have a hollow ring. The distance from the Christchurch station to the Bournemouth Cemetery is about four miles, and it is incredible that there were not sufficient men available to form, at any rate, the nucleus of a proper firing-party. Naturally the widow and parents were bitterly disappointed at the failure of each of the authorities to discharge their last duty to the dead. As it was, the body of this gallant sailor who had served with the Fleet throughout the war, being wounded at Heligoland, and having rendered signal service in later actions, was borne to its last resting place by four service men on leave in the neighbourhood, the coffin draped by a Union Jack loaned by friends for the occasion. Nevertheless, the surviving relatives may still glory in the memory of the dead. It is to the authorities at Christchurch Barracks that the shame belongs.

A FALL FROM GRACE.

SHABBY ACTION BY A "PURITY" LEAGUE.

The Liverpool Branch of the National Vigilance Association is ostensibly engaged in "the suppression of the White Slave Traffic," a number of lady workers being employed to meet friendless girls at the docks and railway stations, and to shield them from the perils of the streets. "Night and day," says the last Annual Report, "Sundays and weekdays without intermission, the godly work goes on." Unfortunately, however, the Committee sometimes forget the high example it behoves them to set to private employers. We hear of one experienced lady worker whose salary after seven years' service amounted to 33s. a week. This lady's experience was most unfortunate. Not long ago she suffered a serious breakdown in health, being absent from her duties for a period of three months, during which she received not a penny of salary. On her return the Committee kindly intimated their intention of paying her an allowance of 17s. 9d. weekly for the time she had been ill, but no sooner had she settled down to work again than she was served with summary notice of dismissal. That this misfortune was not to be traced to any failure of duty on the lady's part is evident from the glowing testimonial with which she was favoured by Miss Edith Rose, the local Secretary of the Liverpool branch; her work, it was stated, had been most "successful," and it was simply owing to the fact that they were "making changes" that the Committee had "accepted her resignation." For the suggestion that this zealous worker had "resigned" her position, there was, however, not a shadow of justification; the truth being that at an interview with the Secretary she was dismissed at a moment's notice, and without any reasonable explanation, her later efforts to obtain satisfaction from the Committee having been entirely without success. This is not the only case of the kind that has come under our notice, showing that the National Vigilance Association are none too generous to those who assist them in their "godly work."

MISERABLE PENSIONS.

WIDOWS OF HEROES GET BEGGAR'S PITTANCE.

It was very nice of the Birmingham Watch Committee to be so sorry that they could not award to the dependents of the heroes of the Nechells gasworks disaster higher pensions than £25 per annum to the widow of Acting-Station Officer Moon, with £5 a year for each child, and £15 to the widow of Fireman Dyche, with £2 10s. for each child. But why hadn't they stirred their stumps long ago to see that this miserable, inadequate scale was raised? They're going to appeal to private charity, are they? And propose that in future the scale shall be the same as that for policemen, and vary from £26 to £40 a year! What generosity!

THREE HOLY HYPOCRITES.

AMONGST THE PROFITS AT FISHGUARD.

The truly pious people of Fishguard must be rather sick of their unco' guid. Enoch Davies, until a few days ago, when he was kicked out, was a deacon of one of the biggest churches there, and is still a member of the Food Control and of the Urban District Council. In his carnal hours he is a coal merchant. And he gives false weight (the hypocrite!). He has been convicted of having delivered hundredweight sacks, each containing from 12 to 16¼ lbs. short. David and Joseph Rees are sidesmen in St. Mary's Church, and they sell sweets. David is also a member of the Pembrokeshire County Council and of the Food Committee. They are also profiteers. They have been convicted of selling sweets at more than the maximum controlled price. W. D. Griffiths, who was convicted of selling tinned salmon for more than the controlled price, was merely, until recently, on the Food Control Committee. Would you believe it—the whole gang of them pleaded ignorance! Some cheek! But when Enoch and David sit on the Food Control and deal with the profiteering of evil men, and when David and Joseph take round the plate at St. Mary's will they ever think of that coal and those sweets?

BRAZEN IMPUDENCE.

CANDID CONFESSIONS OF BUCKET-SHOP KEEPER.

On his own showing, Edward C. Lovegrove, of Claremont House, Sevenoaks, is a risky person to have to do with. He advertised in a daily paper for a partner with £100, and sends to prospective applicants a most curious letter, which looks like a typed circular. He leads off by explaining how outside brokers find customers by advertising, and how their "money goes into the outside broker's pocket." But, he says, old customers die off, because they realise at last that the broker "only shows them how to lose money." And Edward boasts that he has "had thousands of pounds out of the British Public in the old-time way." His confessions, it will be seen, are interesting, but, colloquially speaking, "a bit thick." And he has more to say. Having tried, artfully, to show his correspondent the success of roguery as practised by brokers who are complete outsiders, he says he has a better game now. It is to win money on the roulette wheel at Monte Carlo. He professes to have a "system"—they all have, all the tribe of them—and by it he avers £100 a day can be made by risking a £10 note. He can show, he says, how to "make" that money "without work, worry, or trouble"; also, he will show "how the British Public Bite." But we thought the "System" was sure to make money for them! So it is a little gambling scheme in which he wants some chump-headed partner to invest £100. But we should imagine, after reading what Edward C. Lovegrove says about himself, that nobody would be fool enough to trust him with twopence.

NOT A GERMAN MUST REMAIN!

WHAT THE NATION DEMANDS OF THE GOVERNMENT—AND WILL SECURE.

By Charles Palmer (*Assistant Editor*).

THERE are thousands of honest men out of work; millions of public money is being spent in supporting the unemployed; ex-soldiers, privates and officers are clamouring for something to do—they have fought and suffered, now they must wait and worry. That is the position at home to-day. It is deplorable, but what can be done? Well, one thing can be done. We can insist upon the Government clearing out of this country every enemy alien—every mean sneak who has spied on us and eaten our bread. And what is more, we can bring such pressure to bear on the Executive that not another German shall enter this country in our time, and that no more verminous and pauper hordes from Europe shall make pestilential the East End of London and the narrow streets of other great cities.

That is what the country demands, and that is what Ministers, when they were screaming for votes last December, promised us. But the debate in the House of Commons just before the Easter recess once more proved that Government promise and Government performance are as the poles apart. A good fight was put up, led by Mr. Bottomley, whose demand for Britain for the British has once more brought down upon him the stupid slush of the Cocoa Press. His championship of the rights of the average Britisher to enjoy his own country without the dirty interference of the German is described by the *Daily News* as "low greed." And this from the newspaper which, never let it be forgotten, advised this country on the eve of the war to stand aside from the great struggle for civilisation and "scoop the pool" while France was fighting—a pretty example of "low greed" if ever there was one!

What Mr. Bottomley and those who supported him in the House of Commons demand is that the Government shall stand by their pledges. And what are they? Listen to this from the Lord Chancellor: "I tell you here as a Minister and a Member of the Coalition Government, that it is the declared policy of the Government to send back to Germany every Boche in this country." That is definite enough. But if the matter is left to the Home Office thousands of Germans will remain here, and thousands more will creep in.

Some of us do not forget how the ineffable McKenna toyed with the question; how he naturalised the German banker, Schröder, after the outbreak of war; how the traitor Laszlo was sponsored by Mr. Balfour, Lord Lee of Fareham, Lord Devonport and others; how that Downing Street woman, Caroline Hanemann, was naturalised in October, 1914, and lived in the house of Mr. Asquith—a woman who to-day has been "found out" and is to be kicked out of the country. Nor are we ignorant of the fact that persons in high places are still struggling hard to keep their Boche friends here.

> "Did they think" said Mr. Bonar Law, when he too was vote-hunting last December, "the people we had to lock up in our time of trial were good citizens of this country? If the present Government were returned to power they would send them back to their own country at once. So far as the present Government were concerned, if it came to pass, they ould not only send back those whom they had interned, but they would also not allow others to come in."

That was explicit enough, and yet we find the case of a dirty traitor like Ahlers, the "once a German always a German," actually considered by the Revocation Committee. This man was sentenced to death for High Treason in December, 1914; he escaped hanging by a technicality; he was allowed by the Home Office to remain at large, to leave Sunderland and go to Surbiton, and there to live under the assumed name of Anderson. All that was done with the authority and connivance of the Home Office, and it was not until some of us revealed his whereabouts and his alias that the poisonous traitor—Emil Herman Adolph Ahlers—was interned. Could there be a stronger case for clearing the creature out of the country as soon as war ceased and a ship could be found? Yet his case has been considered, and we are solemnly told that his naturalisation has been revoked because he has shown himself "by speech to be disaffected and disloyal to His Majesty." Men like Ahlers and Laszlo are just as dangerous as Mrs. Leverton Harris's "half-English boy" whom she was "privileged" to see because of the interest of Mr. Waller, of the Home Office. Mr. Waller has never explained his action. Why not? I repeat, the Home Office is gravely suspect over the alien question. We do not trust it; and that is the reason for Mr. Bottomley's fight in Parliament to force the Government to carry out their pledges. So long as it is left to the Home Office to do as it chooses there is real danger that tenderness will be shown to the Hun, and that traitors will still lurk in our midst. Not until the Government have been forced to bring in a Bill clearing every Hun out of Great Britain, and shutting our ports against any of them coming in again, shall we secure the first essential of a land fit for heroes to live in—Britain for the British.

IN THE HOUSE.

THE EDITOR'S WEEK'S WORK IN PARLIAMENT.

I HAVE only three days' work to record, as Parliament rose on the Wednesday, but I managed to get a few things in. First of all, I moved the rejection of the Government's Aliens Restrictions Bill, which in my opinion fell so lamentably short of what is required, and was so clumsy and bureaucratic in its construction as to render it quite incapable of amendment in Committee. The motion was seconded by Sir John Butcher, a most esteemed Member, and at once "caught on" in all quarters of the House. Indeed, so menacing did the situation become that the Government Whips were soon buzzing all over the place, rallying their supporters in view of the threatened division. Ultimately, however, the Home Secretary accepted my suggestion for a compromise by cutting down the period for the operation of the Bill from two years to one, on the understanding that as soon as the European situation becomes normal, proper and definite mandatory legislation—as distinguished from a purely permissive measure—will be introduced.

My Dormant Bank Balance and Unclaimed Securities Bill has now been printed, and is being eagerly asked for by Members. By the rules of the House, I was entitled to eleven "supporters"—that is to say, Members who authorised their names to be placed on the back of the Bill as indicating the general demand for it—and I had little difficulty in obtaining such representative names as: Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Norton-Griffiths, Sir John Butcher, Mr. Devlin, Major Christopher Lowther, Sir Edgar Jones, Mr. Hogge, Mr. Renwick, Mr. Clement Edwards, Major Lloyd-Greame, Mr. W. Crooks, and Brigadier-General Page Croft.

Leaving out all technical provisions and machinery, the provisions of the Bill—the Second Reading of which I hope to secure on May 9th—are:—(1) On the fifteenth day of January in every year it shall be the duty of all persons and corporations carrying on the business of bankers in the United Kingdom to make a Return showing:—

> (a) The amount of all sums in their possession upon current or deposit or other accounts where such accounts have not been operated upon by or on behalf of the persons in whose names they stand for a period of six years or upwards.
>
> (b) Particulars of all stocks, shares, scrip, debentures, mortgages, deeds of title or other securities which have been in their possession for the period of six years or upwards, and standing to the credit of persons who during such period have had no transactions with them or in respect of which no claim is pending.
>
> (c) Particulars of all plate, jewellery, works of art and other property lodged with them for custody by persons with whom they have had no transactions for a period of six years or on whose behalf or in respect of which no claim is pending.
>
> (d) Particulars of all boxes and packets, whether locked, sealed or otherwise, lodged with them for custody by or on behalf of persons with whom they have had no transactions for a period of six years, or on whose behalf or in respect of which no claim is pending.

Further clauses provide for the yearly declaration of such "unclaimed balances," power being given to the Public Trustee to make all necessary rules for the purpose, and prescribe heavy penalties in default.

I am now engaged in drafting the Public Defenders Bill, the Second Reading of which is provisionally fixed for May 23rd. This measure also is arousing very general attention.

Amongst various points I raised by means of questions andotherwise was that of the escape of de Valera. I ironically asked the Government if it had any knowledge of his whereabouts and, whether it was the intention to re-arrest him, and was informed, in reply, that he was, "according to the Press," in Ireland, and that there was no intention of bringing him back. A strange commentary on the complete breakdown of British rule!

I also drew the attention of Mr. Churchill to those extraordinary pocket-cases, with their hymns and texts and metal discs, "Made in Germany," presented to the British troops on demobilisation in France. The right hon. gentleman had not heard anything of them before, and promised to make full inquiries at once.

Another matter to which I directed attention was the continued printing of Army Orders, etc., by German firms, and I succeeded in obtaining an assurance that we had now erected our own press in Cologne and elsewhere, and are no longer trading with the enemy.

I also pressed the Home Secretary as to whether his attention had been called to my revelations of the true character of Messrs. Smillie and Williams, and, if so, what steps he proposed to take. His answer was somewhat cryptic—to the effect that it was not desirable to discuss by means of question and answer the question of whether proceedings could be taken. I shall jog the right hon. gentleman's memory again at an early date.

The Courts-Martial Inquiry is hard at work under the chairmanship of Mr. Justice Darling, who is taking the keenest interest in the matter, and we are meeting almost daily during the Easter recess.

I think that will do for this week's report.

H. B.

Interest in our Parliamentary Bureau still increases, and many matters are being dealt with, either by private representation to Ministers or questions in the House.

MISUSED MARINERS.

UNEQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL RISKS.

The officers and crews of merchant vessels chartered by the Admiralty to carry explosives to the Grand Fleet were given a special high rate of pay—whereas those of the Royal Naval Ordnance steamers received only the same increase as granted to Dockyard workmen. Again, officers of Chartered ships were granted temporary commissions, which were refused to R.N.O. officers, who were not even given uniform. As a consequence the War Gratuity is payable to officers of Chartered ships, but is refused to the unfortunate officers and crews of the R.N.O. steamers in question. Equal risks should at least learn equal consideration, and we ask the Admiralty to delay no longer in repairing a scandalous injustice to a body of gallant men.

A PRIZE INVENTOR.

THE LIEUTENANT AGAIN TO THE FORE.

A few weeks ago we mentioned the name of Lieut. Dennis Burnley, R.N., officially stated to be the inventor of the Paravane. And we mentioned the case of Mr. Charles Law, whose exactly similar invention was submitted to the Admiralty in January, 1915. In March Mr. Law was informed his invention was not then novel, but it was not until the following November that the first Paravane was fitted to the *Melampus*. Curiously enough, the name of Lieut. Burnley again crops up in connection with a plan for netting submarines which was submitted to the First Lord of the Admiralty, on 15th March, 1915, by Mr. George Wakeman. It was acknowledged two days later. The submarines were dealt with, so Mr. Wakeman declares, by means identical with his plans, and he wrote to Mr. Churchill, then the First Lord, regarding this success of his. He received no reply, but credit for the netting operations was given to Lieut. Burnley. Admiral Meux wrote, in response to a letter, that the invention adopted belonged to the lieutenant. Once more we think it only fair to ask when that gallant officer's plan was first submitted.

WAS HE POISONED?

THE WOOLWICH ARSENAL MEDICAL SCANDAL.

We are still receiving complaints of the unsatisfactory attitude adopted by the Woolwich Arsenal authorities in regard to compensation claims in respect of deceased workers. The faults of the system are sharply emphasised in a case reported from Eltham, where an Arsenal worker named Balls took to his bed, and was seen by a local doctor, who at his first visit pronounced the case to be one of pleurisy, a certificate to this effect being forwarded to the Arsenal authorities. A little later, however, the doctor discovered that his first diagnosis had been mistaken, and in a further certificate he endeavoured to put the matter right, the patient having meanwhile been removed to hospital. "I certify," wrote the doctor, "that I attended Ernest Balls in his last illness. At my first visit the symptoms pointed to right apical pleurisy, but it was very soon evident that he had septic cellulitis of the neck. I therefore sent him to the hospital, where he died shortly." Obviously this amended verdict put an entirely new complexion on the case. The suggestion at once arose that the attack of septic cellulitis might have been caused by some poison with which the deceased had been brought in contact at his work, and at the very least there was a case for full inquiry. The Arsenal authorities, however, seem to have taken their stand on the original medical certificate, admittedly erroneous, and, up to the time of writing, they have declined to budge from this position, even to the extent of ordering an inquiry into the circumstances of the man's employment immediately prior to his death.

A Mother's Gratitude

for the restoration of her little boy after 4½ years' continuous agony.

Surely the letter recorded below is one of the most striking instances of real maternal gratitude ever penned by a thankful mother.

Sondley, Ch. Stretton
Jan. 19th, 1919.

Dear Sirs,—I feel I must write and tell you about my little boy now aged 4½ years, who suffered most terribly from eczema from birth. Several local Doctors tried everything they could think of, but none of them did him any good. He was in the Royal Infirmary for 11 months and the Doctors there did all they could for him, but he got no better, so I fetched him home and started using Cadum Ointment. We began to see an improvement with the first box, so we continued with it.

He was covered from his head to ankles with most terrible running eczema and was one mass of scabs. We got no rest night or day, so you may guess our gratitude to Cadum Ointment when we began to get a little rest. You could not imagine a much worse case than our little boy's was. He could not be left a minute or he would tear his flesh off in pieces. Now no one can believe that he is the same child. There isn't even a mark from the most awful scabs he had. His skin is now clean and healthy. (Mrs.) M. J. Hall.

There is an irresistible healing power and virtue in Cadum Ointment, due to its unique and unrivalled soothing, antiseptic and curative merits, which ensure its success in every conceivable skin disease, disorder, inflammation, irritation or eruption.

Not only eczema, chronic or spasmodic, but such cruelly agonising conditions as ulcers, sores and running wounds yield to its benevolent agency. Pimples, blotches, ringworm, piles, burns, cuts, chafing and all other forms of scalp and skin trouble are quickly banished by this marvellous healer. The first application draws the "fire and sting" from the affected part. The smarting ceases, the burning is allayed and the growth of new, healthy skin is at once stimulated.

BE SURE YOU GET

Cadum Ointment

Of all Chemists and Stores, 1/3 a box.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

COLONEL JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, M.P.

Mornin', sir. . . . *Shavin'?* Yes, sir. . . . No, sir, I 'aven't got no alien assistants, thank 'Eaven. I'm 'appy to satisfy you on that point. . . . *Didn't ask becos you object to 'em?* You *don't* object to 'em? I don't quite follow yer, sir. You're an Englishman, I presoom? . . . *But not a bigoted one?* Ah; *I* see. You're one o' them gents wot thinks the foreigner is as good as wot *we* are, an' a dam' sight better. You don't 'appen to be Colonel Wedgwood, do you, Sir? . . . Ah, I thort as much. . . . *Did I fight in the wore?* No, I didn't. I didn't 'ave the charnce. I was well over the age limit, for one thing. And I ain't too fit fur another. . . . Oh, I know *you* did yore bit. You take dam' good care to let everybody know that, and to sneer at them wot didn't 'ave the same good luck as you. . . . I'm referrin' to yore remarks in the 'Ouse durin' the debate on the Alien Restrictions Bill. You as good as sed that a M.P. wot 'adn't fought, either through age or some other disability, 'adn't got no right to advocate the exclusion of dirty an' dangerous aliens from this country. . . . . Oh, but you'll absolutely cancel your service to the country in the field if now that peace is onto us, you're willin' to throw the country open to our onemies like wot it was. I say your services is cancelled. And none o' your sneers against M.P.s wot didn't 'ave the chance to serve, or even swank around in uniform won't alter the situation. . . . . *Persecution!* Persecution, me aunt! Can't you see no difference between persecution and self-preservation? I don't know w'ether yore sentiments is really genuine or only a pose, but you seem to reserve all yore consideration for aliens. W'y, not so long ago you almost suggested that the bloody Bolskie is a lovable creature! That rot don't go down with sensible men. Wot, *we should aim at converting enemy aliens into friendly aliens?* We've had quite enough costly an' sickenin' experience of so-called "friendly" aliens the larst five years. Don't tell me! Wot we should aim at ain't convertin' enemies into friends, but makin' this a country fit for 'eroes to live in—Britain for the British. Alien enemies will soon get friendly—w'en they see it pays 'em. . . . One word before you go, sir. . . . W'y not swank less about your service, study the interests in the British a bit more, and dry them tears wot you always seem inclined to let fall on be'alf of our pore enemies? . . .

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

["*There is a peculiar smell in the House of Commons.*"—Dr. Flora Murray.]

The House of Commons has, 'tis said,
A perfume all its own—
To speak more brutally, a smell
That clings to it alone;
Only a nostril feminine
Its origin can trace;
It springs, says Flora, from the dust
That hangs about the place!

Another source I would suggest
From whence the perfume flows—
That odour so offensive to
The learned lady's nose;
Attend discussion on some Bill
That's never meant to pass,
And you'll conclude, as I have done,
That it's a smell of—Gas!

"The Hidden Hand" film can be seen this week at Fleetwood, Empress Cinema; Sheerness, Russell Street Electric Theatre; Canterbury, St. Peter Street Electric Theatre; Dundee, Main Street Picture Theatre; Brechin, Empire Cinema; Alness, The Cinema; and next week at Colne, Central Hall; Ilfracombe, Palace Cinema.

I AM BACKING N

Press v. *Politician—The Premier's Dilemma—We Accept*

By THE EDITO

ON Wednesday of last week I was present at the most amazing exhibition of parliamentary juggling ever known since the great game of politics was invented. Alarmed at the restlessness of his supporters, Mr. Lloyd George rushed over from Paris to the House of Commons—on the last day of the session (when everybody was anxious to get away for Easter)—to tell it all about the Paris Conference, and the Terms of Peace. And he told it—exactly nothing! And yet he sat down in a thunder of applause, and for the rest of the sitting members gathered in groups, discussing the "wonderful speech." I said last week that if he succeeded in placating the House, in the circumstances in which he was called upon to speak, he would settle all dispute as to who is the super-man of the Government. And most certainly he has done so. Sir Eric Geddes must now take a back seat. As tactician, as actor, as leg-puller, the little man from Wales is in a class all by himself. He played with the problems of Paris as Cinquevalli played with the cues and balls, the eggs and the paper pellets. Rising at a quarter to one, it was half-past that hour before he even referred to the Terms of Peace, and by a quarter to two he had dropped them like a hot brick, to indulge in a tirade of buffoonery and abuse at the expense of Lord Northcliffe, who has done more towards winning the war than all the politicians put together. There is nothing the House of Commons likes better than a personal row, and it rose thoroughly to the occasion when it found that the Prime Minister was openly declaring war upon the British Newspaper King. Indeed *that* was the part of the great speech—Oh, those "great speeches"!—which everybody was discussing. The Peace of Paris was overshadowed by the sudden offensive against Carmelite Street and Printing House Square. But when the effect of the banter and the blackguarding had worn off, several minor Ministers and many Coalition Couponites began to ruminate sadly as to the probable outcome of the battle, and opinions were much divided as to the wisdom of the onslaught. If, as all seemed to suppose, it meant war to the death, who would win? Well, it *must* mean war to the death, for no responsible publicist can sit quiet under the charge of deliberately jeopardising the safety of his country and the peace of the world for purely sordid motives, arising from personal disappointment and wounded vanity. Such an accusation is a slur and an insult upon the whole of the journalistic world. What answer will Lord Northcliffe make to this very deliberate charge of want of patriotism? He has only to point to the story of the war to prove its recklessness and its baselessness. When the true history of shell shortage and the means taken to remedy the national danger comes to be written, will anyone dare to say that the Northcliffe Press played the traitor's part? On the contrary, it will be proved that Lord Northcliffe worked hand-and-glove with Mr. Lloyd George to combat the fatal weakness of Wait and See, and to "ginger up" the Government to a colossal production of munitions of war. The little Welshman was made Minister of Munitions. Who was it stood by him in the execution of his splendid task, and supported him when he arrainged the whole Asquith *régime* with his "Too Late" challenge? Do not let us be blinded by a transitory parliamentary triumph to the real truth of the situation. And what about Lord Northcliffe's services to the cause of recruiting, to flying and a score of other things?

The Fate of Sir John Simon.

Moreover, do not let us forget that Mr. Lloyd George is not the first Minister of the Crown who has tried conclusions with the King of Journalists. You remember Sir John Simon, the able lawyer and clever politician who made war on Carmelite House. He was the gentleman, by the way, who left the Government on Conscription; who tried to make a stand against the proved necessities of the country, and went down in the endeavour. Mr. Lloyd George was all for Conscription—the need of the country was dire and pressing; so was Lord Northcliffe. And the end of it was that to-day Sir John Simon is "languishing" in well-deserved retirement, while the Prime Minister—well, is Prime Minister. Sir John Simon, unable to meet Lord Northcliffe in fair and open combat, sheltered himself behind the privileges of Parliament, and made a bitter and virulent attack upon his patriotic opponent. Did any member of the Government rally to his aid? Not a single man. Sir John Simon lost, and to-day he is paying the penalty of failure in the fight. After Simon—Asquith! Britain thought, and I thought so, too, that the methods of Mr. Asquith, great as was his character, and fine as were his talents, were unfitted to the conduct of a world war. No one more brilliantly wielded the weapon of criticism than Lord Northcliffe. He, indeed, "fought the good fight"; and he came out boldly on the side of Mr. Lloyd George. He took great risks—and he won. Some day we shall know all about that Christmas conspiracy which unseated Mr. Asquith and mounted Mr. Lloyd George on the war charger.

A True Friend of France.

Those letters published not long ago let in a little light on the drastic means adopted to "get a move on." It was sincerely believed by all who were behind the scenes that Mr. Asquith was temperamentally unfitted to put "ginger" into the War Cabinet. We were within an ace of defeat; the country was crying aloud for "a man"; doubt and suspicion hung like a dark cloud over the doings of the Cabinet. There were grave fears that the politician was thwarting the path and frustrating the aims of the soldiers. Thank God, Mr. Lloyd George won. And it was the bold revelation in the *Times* of what was going on behind the scenes which gave the final push to the going of Mr. Asquith. I am not romancing; I am but recording history, not in the fulness it will some day have to be recorded, but in sufficient detail to point the moral. I say that the whole country owes a deep debt of gratitude to Lord Northcliffe for his fearless efforts in those dark days, and it will appreciate his services in these more recent days when it is understood how he has battled for the security of France against the risk of further aggression by the Hun. Let it be remembered that we who live on this side of the English Channel sometimes find it difficult to appreciate the French point of view. How much more impossible is it for men who come from across the far Atlantic to visualise the difficulties and perils which are as plain as noonday to our gallant Allies? If Lord Northcliffe has stood by France he has not less used his influence in support of British interests. And I shall want a good deal more evidence than a rhetorical attack in the House of Commons can afford, to convince me that Lord Northcliffe has played the traitor's part, or that he has done anything really calculated to deny to us the real fruits of victory, or to do anything but cement our firm and cordial relations with France. There is no disguising the fact—for the sake of a transitory parliamentary triumph, indulging in the well-known ruse of carrying the war into the enemy's camp, Mr. Lloyd George has thrown down a deliberate and a provocative challenge. Well, I know his opponent, and he must expect no quarter and no mercy. It must be a fight to a finish—*and I am backing Northcliffe*!

Press *v.* Politician.

It has long been clear to every observant person that the Press is gradually ousting the Politician—not only in the formulation of public policy, but in the actual direction of public affairs—the *conduct* of which, let it be understood, is the work, not of Ministers, but of the army of officials in the various Government Departments. It was the Press which got the soldiers; the Press which got the shells; the Press which got the money; the Press which cheered and heartened the people during the dark days of the war; and, I repeat, it was the Press which got rid of Mr. Asquith and put Mr. Lloyd George in his place. Aye, and it was the Press which gingered up the Peace Delegates. As a matter of fact, this journal was the first to reveal the omission in Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points—upon the basis of which, be it remembered, Mr. Lloyd George last

NORTHCLIFFE!

ccept His Invitation—Watch Those Peace Terms!

EDITOR.

summer said Germany "could have peace at any time"—of some of the very fundamentals of Britain's just demands. Yes, it was the Press, and not the Politician, which added Indemnities to the terms—and the punishment of the Kaiser—and the grappling with the Alien peril. As regards that last item, by the way, wasn't it the Prime Minister who, when it was first raised as an issue at the General Election, dismissed it as a "side issue" and a "stunt"—being compelled only in the end to add it to the programme? No, my dear L. G., you mustn't "take on" the Press. Apart from the danger of such a course, it's bad business, as you will soon find. Papers which can make ministries can unmake them—and the happiest men in Parliament to-day are the Non-Coalition Liberals and the Labour Party—who see in this latest development the beginning of the end of the Coalition Government. And I don't think they will be disappointed. We shall soon know what Terms of Peace are being offered in our name to Germany—and then we shall also know how Parliament was fooled on Wednesday of last week. I use that phrase deliberately, and never have I had an easier case to establish. I will prove it out of the Prime Minister's own mouth—out of his own speech. In fact, if Mr. Lloyd George spoke the truth, as I must assume he did, Britain's Terms are no longer a secret at all, and all the mystery with which he endeavoured to surround them was camouflage, bluff and leg-pulling—with what motive I shall not now attempt to say. On the other hand, if it wasn't camouflage, bluff and leg-pulling, it was political trickery of the lowest type. And now let me justify these statements.

The Premier's Dilemma.

It is unnecessary to emphasise the fact that the one thing the House of Commons came to hear was a statement of Britain's terms to the enemy—especially in regard to Indemnities, Punishment, the German Colonies and Aliens. Well, we waited nearly an hour, whilst the Prime Minister dealt with the various aspects of the Russian situation—a subject which many of us thought might have come last instead of first—and then we prepared ourselves for the great secret And this is what we got instead: "What about publicity? We considered that question, and we came to the conclusion, which was unanimous and quite unhesitating, that to publish those terms before they were discussed with the enemy would be a first-class blunder." Of course that gave us a bit of a shock, but I am not at the moment concerned with the wisdom of this decision—let us accept it as a fact. The position, therefore, up to this point was that we were not to be told the terms—I am thinking only now of the British terms. But now listen to what followed? "But I want to say that so far from my coming here to ask for release from any pledge or promise given, I am here to say that all the outlines of peace terms which have been given to the country are incorporated in the demands put forward by the Allies." Now do you realise what I am getting at? Just think—when the Terms of Peace are made known, *it will be found that all the pledges outlined by the Government during the election are "incorporated in the demands put forward by the Allies."* Why, then, worry about *our* Terms of Peace? We know them. All we have to do is to refer to the Prime Minister's pledges at the Election. Let us see what they *were*. There is no getting away from them—they are clear and specific. Mr. Lloyd George is in this dilemma—he has placated the House of Commons by the truthful assurance that all he promised to demand from the enemy he has demanded, or else he has deceived it—which I am not going to suggest. As a matter of fact, I was greatly tempted during the delivery of his speech to fix him with this alternative. But, on reflection, I preferred to wait and listen. To-day, however, I am under no restraint, and I propose to place on record a few of the principal items which, in view of the assurance we have received, I shall expect to find in that part of the Treaty which refers to Britain's terms of Peace. I am really not very much concerned at the moment with those of the Allies, or of America. They—especially America—are quite capable of looking after themelves.

The Premier's Promises.

Let me, therefore, now set out the Prime Minister's definite pledge on what, after all, is the fundamental condition of Peace. I refer to Indemnities. Listen to this. Speaking at Newcastle-on-Tyne on November 29th, Mr. Lloyd George said: "When Germany defeated France she made France pay. That is the principle which she herself has established. There is absolutely no doubt about the principle, and that is the principle we should proceed upon—that Germany must pay the costs of the war up to the limit of her capacity to do so. . . . There is no doubt as to the justice of the demand. She ought to pay, but we are not going to allow her to pay in such a way as to wreck our industries." Then again, speaking at Bristol last December, the Prime Minister declared: "First, as far as justice is concerned, we have an absolute right to demand the whole cost of the war from Germany. The second point is that *we propose to demand the whole cost of the war*. The third point is that, when you come to the exacting of it, you must exact it in such a way that it does not do more harm to the country that receives it than to the country which is paying it. The fourth point is that the Committee appointed by the British Cabinet *believe that it can be done*. The fifth point is that the Allies, who are in exactly the same boat as we are, because they have also got a claim to great indemnities, are examining the proposal in conjunction with us. When the report comes it will be presented to the Peace Conference, which will put our demands together, and, whatever they are, they must come in front of the German war debt. You may depend upon it that the first consideration in the minds of the Allies will be the interests of the people upon whom Germany has made war, and not the interests of the German people, who have been guilty of this crime against humanity." That is definite enough but, on the same occasion, at an overflow meeting, Mr. Lloyd George said: "Those who started it must pay to the uttermost farthing, and *we shall search their pockets for it.*" Very well, then; we shall look for the demand for "the whole cost of the war" as part of Britain's terms. I think that illustration will do for the moment—for I want to come to one other matter.

My Promise to the Premier.

In the course of his speech Mr. Lloyd George, feeling his feet, boldly expressed the hope that when the terms of the Treaty are published, "some enterprising journal" would publish them in parallel columns, side by side with his Election pledges. I at once accepted the challenge, as will be seen from what appears on another page; and all I want to say now is that I intend to honour the compact. Of course, as Euclid taught us, parallel lines can never meet—but they need not be of the same length, and I say at once that I shall be agreeably surprised if the Pledges do not occupy considerably more length than the Performance. Some of them, as you know, were not what could be called cheerfully given. They were extracted, as it were, at the point of the polls—in other words they were made only when the Prime Minister realised the determination of the electors to have not only a lasting, but a real peace, and insisted upon Mr. Lloyd George putting his Conference cards on the table. You must bear in mind those other promises—I am looking them all up. There is the question of the trial and punishment of the authors of the war—of its crimes and outrages—"whoever they be, and *whatever* their station." Will Holland be called upon to hand over the Kaiser *at once*? Or are we to have all kinds of "juridical niceties" placed in the way? Then, as regards the German Colonies, are they to be definitely and for ever taken away? And what about the "Freedom of the Seas"? I observe that already the "Monroe Doctrine" is to be specially protected! Is British naval supremacy to be in any way impared? Heaven help the Government if *that* is attempted! And is there to be international Alien legislation? Oh, yes, I will keep my promise. And there I leave it. The Little Man from Wales is playing for big stakes—but he has challenged a doughty opponent; *and I am backing Northcliffe!*

In giving publicity on this page to the views of correspondents, preference will be accorded to brief letters bearing name and address for publication.

All envelopes and letters must be marked "P.P." in left-hand corner.

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT.

The readers of "JOHN BULL" discuss matters of Public Interest.

Letters for this page must relate to public as distinguished from personal, topics.

For short acknowledgments of communications and replies to other letters—selected from our general mail—see "Letter Bag," page 14.

Licences for "Bookies."

Racing is here again, and now that our Legislators are looking about for new means of taxation, isn't it about time our betting laws were amended. The Law as it stands is for the rich. Surely it should be as lawful for a poor man to place a bet in the street as for a rich man to do likewise in his club. In my district there are four street bookmakers, who would be only too pleased to pay a licence tax of one hundred pounds yearly.—ALEXANDER JOHNSTONE, Burnhouse Street, Maryhill, Glasgow.

(We introduced a Bill on these lines in Parliament ten years ago, but with no success.)

A Ministry of Marine.

Surely the time is opportune for forming a permanent Ministry of Marine. The Board of Trade comprises so many branches of our national commerce, that our seafaring community are rather apt to be overlooked. Our Dominions, and some Foreign Powers, with much smaller mercantile marines, have long since had such ministries. It is high time we followed suit.—F. R. HERBERT, Broomfield Avenue, Palmer's Green.

(We agree that the bogus Board of Trade has far too many departments to look after.)

Abolish the "Middleman."

Any increase in wages granted to the working man is invariably fully swallowed up by an immediate rise in the prices of foodstuffs. Recently a magistrate in Glasgow, while trying a case, said that, by the time a piece of cloth reaches the customer in the form of a suit, six or seven different and distinct profits have to be made on it. Surely a system could be devised by which the retailer could be supplied directly by the manufacturer and thus do away with this scandal.—JAMES C. BLACK, Stair Street, Maryhill, Glasgow.

(The bulk of the profits should certainly go to the producer.)

Finances of Public Funds.

It should be made obligatory for every Fund to publish a balance-sheet, showing the amount subscribed, what grants have been made, and, most important, *the number of officials, their salaries and expenses.* The Prince of Wales gave his name to one of the Funds. He would increase his popularity by causing an inquiry to be made into the running of it. All those funds run honestly have no occasion to fear publicity, and a straightforward statement would do much to clear away the fog of distrust that envelops them.—D. N. BOWDEN, Highbury Park, N. 5.

(We are disposed to agree that the principle of the War Charities Act should be extended to all funds to which public subscriptions are invited.)

Five Guineas will be paid each week to the writer of what we consider to be the most interesting letter. That amount has been sent to Mr. Cundell, the writer of the starred letter.

Give Us Work.

This out-of-work business will cause serious trouble. I hear bitter things said in the queue. Several ex-Service men are on the black-list for refusing to go out of the town to a starvation wage job—they being married and natives of the place. We want work, and folks who say we don't are liars. Personally, I've spent eight shillings on ads. and didn't get one reply. The Exchange registers a man for one job instead of posting up the list of vacancies and letting him scrutinise them himself.—E. CUNDELL, Inglis Road, Southsea.

(Undoubtedly there is too much red-tape and bureaucracy in the methods of these Labour Exchanges.)

Rebate for Baby.

The £25 abatement, on Income Tax, for a child is not allowed until the child is one year old. This is not as it should be, as the child costs more in the first year than the second. I have paid 82s. 2d. tax for my child. I think that the allowance should be made on the production of a birth certificate. The present method does *not* encourage the birth-rate.—F. S. PILKINGTON, Coltman Street, Hull.

(We will pass our correspondent's suggestion on to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.)

"Homme d'Affaires.

Mr. Bottomley, M.P., as president of "one great comprehensive organisation" of Discharged and Demobilised Soldiers and Sailors, comprising the various organisations now existing, would be both popular and welcome to all concerned. Such an organisation would instil a great impetus towards full and complete comradeship among all who have served, suffered and sacrificed. The new organisation would be assured of a great future, free from class control or Party considerations, and free also from the friction inevitable between rival organisations. United we should stand secure, a controlling influence for Justice and Right, with a President who has a duplicate power in "Press" and "House," and the backing of the Public's confidence.—JAMES CAWTHORNE, Western Road, Ealing. W.5.

(We are glad to know that this view is catching on amongst ex-Service men all over the country.)

The Cinema and the Child

Tommy fought that we might live in a cleaner world. Are the authorities doing the right thing by allowing children to witness murder and crime and then go home to bed with their minds full of the worst side in life? Could not the L.C.C. hire a hall in each district for one afternoon a week and allow the children to be taken accompanied by the teacher and see the excellent educational films now produced? The penalty for going to any other Picture House during the week would be to forfeit the weekly school one.—F. BEDFORD, Pathé Frère's, Wardour Street, W.

(Not at all a bad idea.)

Sport *v.* Bolshevism.

Give the working man plenty of sports of all kinds, then we shall hear less of labour unrest, and above all of the rotten Bolshevik tendency. At a *football match* in our town, played in the evening after work, it was refreshing to see the people give themselves up for an hour or two to clean enjoyment, and not to Bolshevist meetings. Also railway fares should be lowered and the working man and others could then get about to see his team play away from home. He would be far more content, and his mind taken away from sordid matters into pleasanter channels.—A. HARTLEY, Canning Street, Burnley.

(Nothing like fresh air, healthy recreation and wholesome refreshment to kill the germs of Bolshevism.)

To Punish Lotharios.

If a man's horse or ass is purloined, he is entitled to the aid of the Law in the capture and punishment of the thief; but if the affection of his wife is stolen by some Judas of a friend, he has no legal remedy unless divorce proceedings are justified by extreme misconduct. If he takes the Law into his own hand he, the real aggrieved party, is the one to be prosecuted. It should be made a criminal offence for a licentious brute to cajole a married woman into a discreditable liaison.—STANLEY PEGRAM, Alton Lodge, Gt. Crosby.

(The difficulty, of course, is to establish the "stealing" of the wives' affection.)

Give the Boys a Chance!

I have read times without number, in the press, of boys say of twelve years of age being sent, perhaps for the merest trifle, to an Industrial School "until they reach the age of eighteen." I maintain that no lad, whatever his fault may be, should be kept after the age of sixteen, as it is not only two years of his life wasted, but his whole outlook ruined. No lad, however smart, can hope to compete with his fellows if he hasn't served his apprenticeship to a good trade.—MOLLY H. SYMMERS, Crown Street, Aberdeen.

(The whole industrial school system is a scandal, to which we intend to call the attention of Parliament at the earliest possible opportunity.)

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1918 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Evil Days:—A discharged man and his wife have fallen on evil days. Illness has dogged the pair for months, and they were in great distress.

A Sad Case:—A man, discharged with shell shock and wounds, is unfitted for any kind of work, and finds his pension inadequate to make ends meet. He has heavy responsibilities.

A Pack of Troubles:—A demobilised soldier's wife, whose husband is in bad health and who has two children under the doctor with consumption, found it impossible to provide the nourishing food ordered.

A Widow in Want:—A soldier's widow was in distress, having three little orphans to support, whilst the rent was in arrears. There was also a doctor's bill owing.

A Catalogue of Ills:—An ex-marine with one child dead, has another child in hospital blind, whilst the mother is nearly sightless. The poor man has no pension.

A Son's Appeal:—A soldier wrote us that his aged mother is in very ill health, and could not meet the doctor's expenses out of her little allowance.

Orphaned:—A discharged man who also appealed on behalf of his widowed mother. She has to support four little orphans. The man himself suffers from consumption and cannot work.

The following appeals met:—

Sailor's widow in distress, with two delicate children.

A gunner's widow whose little child was lying dead.

Another soldier's widow whose child had died.

A discharged soldier's wife with seven little children, three of them ill.

A demobilised soldier, waiting for a pension, who has a bedridden wife.

Soldier's wife. Still-born twins., only 30s. maternity allowance.

Widow of soldier. Child killed by lorry. Not insured.

Discharged soldier without pension, dead. Widow asked for help.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

(Although there has been a cessation of active hostilities at the Front, there is not only no diminution in the number of claims which we receive from soldiers and sailors and their wives and dependents, but an actual increase. Indeed, this war will leave a legacy of trouble and suffering for many years, which it will be the privilege of ourselves and our readers to do what we can to assuage.)

"Tottota," £5; "Bombardier's Wife," 2s. 6d.; "In Loving Memory of Will," 5s.; B. W. (Bristol), 5s.; G. P. (Somerset), 2s.; W. J. W. (Mill Hill), 2s. 6d.; "Amicus," £3 3s.; H. K. (Stepney), 2s. 6d.; A. M. (Ringwood), £2 2s.; Anon. (Epsom), £1; R. C. (Forfar), 6d.; Anon., 1s.; D. G. H. (Victoria, B.C.), 2s.; J. G. H. (Hull), 1s. 6d.; M. L., 3s.; "Irish Girl," 2s.; "89," 5s.; E. S. (Biggleswade), 5s.; "Mizpah," 1s. 6d.; R. M. W., 3s.; F. A. T., 5s.; A. H. (Salisbury), 5s.; L. P. D. (Clydach), 2s. 6d.; "Tiny Tim," 2s. 6d.; W. J. (Catford), 5s.; "Near Brum," 1s.; "Hounslow," 3s.; E. H., 2s. 6d.; W. A. C. (Hipswell), 5s.; K. P. (Southsea), 2s.; F. C. (Swinton), 2s.; A. B., 2s.; H. P. (Ladywell), 5s.; G. C., 6d.; B. J., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. S. R. B. (Glasgow), 6d.; M McK., 2s.; M. D. K. (Bristol), 1s. 6d.; N. T., 1s. 6d.; J. A., 1s. 6d.; "Alexis," 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Sparkhill), 2s.; H. C. (Totnes), 1s.; E. M., 6d.; E. N (Watford), 6d.; "Hy Cy," 1s. 6d.; E. O., 2s.; E. Q., 6d.; Sgt. G. F., 3s. 6d.; G. L. (Walkerburn), 2s. 4d.; R. T., 1s.; W. J., 6d.; Sergt. A. D., 5 piastres; W., £1; "Taxi Driver 52/2," 1s.; F. E. (Falmouth), 2s. 6d.; "Anti-Wilson's Cheek," 10s.; W. E., 2s. 6d.; B. M. W. (Kew), 5s.; J. McC., 1s. 6d.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

F. W. C. (Bournemouth), £1.

(Owing to pressure upon space, it is impossible to acknowledge in the columns of the paper contributions made by means of our Collecting Boxes. The holders of such boxes are, however, given official printed receipts.)

THE DICTIONARY DISCOVERS A NEW WORD

Great Lexicographer Helped by Authors and Men of Action

A distinguished lexicographer has before him for analysis a new word, and so, with the industry characteristic of his profession, he is trying to find out exactly what it means.

The new edition of the world-famous dictionary he is editing is nearly ready for the Press. He is considering for publication all sorts of words which the last few years have made English, such as camouflage, which a French dictionary describes as a "whiff of smoke," but which the war has made to mean "a form of disguise."

"Stunt," too, is occupying his attention, and "joy-ride" and "Blighty" and "napoo." And also he has spent some time in investigating the newest educative system in order to find out exactly how to describe the magic word

"PELMANISM."

How would you describe it? Several famous people were asked at random the other day, and this is what they said:

MR. GILBERT FRANKAU,
the eminent novelist and poet:

"A system of thought education, much in vogue during the great war. Its inventors claim that their system enables the average mind to triumph over the things that matter."

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS,
the well-known journalist and playwright, who enjoys the reputation of being Britain's most prolific writer:

"The name applied to a system of mind and memory training, which develops the mental faculties to the fullest capacity and enables those who follow it assiduously to obtain A1 efficiency as combatants in the battle of brains."

MR. SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES, M.P.:

"A cure for that tired feeling in the mind, teaching the flabby-minded and sloppy-thinking how to become alert and accurate, really to see what they look at, to hear what they listen to, to appreciate the value of that which is seen and heard and to make use of it. Pelmanism does not teach one how to look through a brick wall, but it trains one to be able to know pretty well by analysis and imagination what must be going on on the other side."

MR. N. PEMBERTON BILLING, M.P.,
the active member for East Herts:

"Pelmanism—Cerebral Calisthenics."

Kipling once said something about the power of the Word—the live masterful word that walks about and causes things to be done.

There is one word which is doing this at the present moment. That word is Pelmanism. You meet it wherever you go. It is the topic of the hour.

One morning paper tells us about Pelmanism at breakfast-time. It takes up, in reading matter, more space than the Peace Conference. A second journal takes "The Progress of Pelmanism" as the subject of its leading article, and, on another page, at the foot of some topical notes, prints some verses telling all

". . . . . wise
"Readers be sure and Pelmanise."

A leading review contains a correspondence on what Pelmanism is, and "One of Them," the poem-novel in which Mr. Frankau has satirised the phases of the war, contains the lines:

"Turned a blear-eyed pauper to a swell man
In six sharp weeks of concentrated Pelman."

Then the post brings a soldier's letter from the Army of Occupation in Germany. "You will be glad to hear," it runs, "that I have just been promoted. I attribute this entirely to the Pelman Course you enrolled me for last Christmas. It's the best present I've ever had. Lots of our fellows are Pelmanising out here. It's the best cure for that 'fed-up feeling' we are all apt to get while waiting for the return to good old civies."

At the office there is a vacancy on the staff. On your desk is a pile of cuttings from the "small advertisements." A very ordinary lot seemingly—nothing to distinguish one from another. But what is this?

Young man. Just demobilised. Desires position as clerk. 23 years of age. Shorthand, Book-keeping. Pelmanised brain. Bright, energetic and trustworthy.

This is something different. A "Pelmanised brain." Just what is needed. You drop a line and ask him to call.

You lunch with a friend. "How do you remember all your orders?" your friend asks the smart and busy waitress. Back, with the inevitable smile, comes the inevitable answer: "Pelmanism, sir—just Pelmanism."

Over coffee you pick up the illustrated papers—"Punch" and two others. Each refers to Pelmanism. Two make it the subject of illustrations; one of an article.

Later at the club a barrister-friend strolls in. "Have you heard Darling's latest?" he asks, speaking of a Judge famous for his wit and his erudition. Then he tells the story of how the famous Judge, hearing evidence of "a highly-British compound which has made certain great men what they are," remarked:

"I thought that was Pelmanism."

Nor is that the only phrase of the kind Mr. Justice Darling has used. "I believe there is a system by which you can become a General or an Admiral in a very short time," he said in another case. This time he left the word Pelmanism out: it was too obvious what he meant.

A political friend joins the group. He is standing for Parliament, and hands round a copy of his election address. There is the word again. Among his many qualifications he states that "I am a Pelman student."

After an animated conversation on the subject of Pelmanism you leave the club and go to a theatre. You see Arnold Bennett's witty play, "The Title." The acting is excellent, the dialogue sparkling, and it is like meeting an old friend to hear:

Mr. Culver: "I believe I've found out your secret, Mrs. Culver—you're undergoing a course of Pelmanism with those sixty generals and forty admirals."

You remember, too, that on a previous night at the Palace revue, "Hullo America!" Pelmanism was the subject of a skit in a topical sketch.

And so home, as Pepys would say, and, after the usual half-hour with the "Little Grey Books"—to bed.

All the above facts, and you could quote a thousand more, have made the three words "Pelmanism," "Pelmanist," and "Pelmanise" the current coin of speech. Distinguished authors, editors, professors, educationalists, scientists, members of Parliament, and public men continually advocate the practice of Pelmanism in aticles and speeches.

Other articles on this page show the rapidly increasing popularity of Pelmanism among all classes of the community. Pelmanism is the topic of the day, and not only in this country but all over the world.

It is a World-Topic, and everywhere it makes for World-Welfare.

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15, PELMAN HOUSE,
BLOOMSBURY STREET,
LONDON, W.C. 1.

SIR,—Please send me, gratis and post free, a copy of the book, "Mind and Memory," a copy of *Truth's* latest rep rt, and particulars of the Special Offer entitling me to take the Pelman Course at a reduced fee.

NAME.....

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ADDRESS .....

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SEND THIS COUPON, OR A POSTCARD, TO-DAY.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Cheerless Clipstone:—The "Die-Hards" and other units at Clipstone Camp forward us numerous complaints showing that the place is sodden with discontent; and we are afraid that something will happen if there is no improvement.

Inhuman:—A gunner in France lost a child on Christmas Day, and recently another youngster was run over and died. On each occasion the man was refused leave to visit his distressed home. Cannot Mr. Churchill, we again ask, issue a special order dealing with such cases?

The "Occupiers":—Some of our newspapers picture the Army of Occupation as a merry crowd, who kick football and play cricket all day, and at night shout choruses at concerts. As a matter of fact, the bulk of the men have not had an hour's amusement since they were sent to the Rhine, and a number of them tell us that they are harder-worked now than ever they were. In many a letter we receive from out there the term "fed up" appears.

Prussian:—A trooper of the North Devon Hussars was granted leave from Ireland to Birmingham to bury his brother. He was refused 48 hours' extension and took 22 hours on his own. For this he got 7 days' C.B., 2 days' Royal Warrant (pay stopped), and was compelled to refund half his fare. The latter circumstance strikes us as particularly harsh.

Up in Scotland:—Recruits arriving at the Seaforth Depot, at Inverness, knock about for a week in their civilian clothing. When the men are issued with "necessaries," they are left without towels, socks and, in some cases, boots. Some of them who recently went to Nairn to purchase underclothing were awarded 5 days' C.B. for doing so!

"JACK."

Salvage Money:—The crew of the rescue tug *Flying Spray* are asking when they will be given the salvage money for service rendered, one claim having been lodged in June, 1917. Subsequent to that date they performed more salvage work, for which they have received no reward.

"Tremble and Obey!"—The skipper of H.M.S. *Southampton* has issued this order: "Any man painting is to have a piece of pumice-stone. Anyone disobeying this order will be severely punished." What a horrible crime! And why "severely"?

"Harry Tate's Navy":—It costs £10 a day to run a Government motor launch, yet at some Scottish and other bases they scoot about here and there, giving joy rides to "Wrens" and others. That's the way the money flies!

His Reward:—A Marine Sergeant, who left his legs at Zeebrugge and was awarded the D.S.M., was compelled to part with sixpence at the gate of Kew Gardens because he was in an invalid chair. Cannot the Curator do better than this?

Pay Up:—Sixteen of the crew of H.M.Y. *Iolaire*, which was wrecked off Stornoway, lost their kit and personal belongings. More than three months ago they put in their claim for compensation, but the Admiralty has overlooked it.

An Injustice:—H.M.T. *Huntsend* has been lying at Holo Haven for a couple of months, and the crew, who cannot go ashore, have quite a list of grievances. One is that, although they are entitled to it, they are not allowed to have their tobacco duty free. The ship should be demobilised or sold.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of Discharged Sailors' and Soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or other information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

How they are Treated:—Bombardier Roberts was employed by Bradbury, Son and Company, 7, Victoria Street, S.W. In reply to an application for reinstatement, the Managing Director sent him the following: "The young lady who took your place has now filled it for some considerable time, and with every satisfaction, so that we could not displace her and find you a berth."

Not for Him:—A discharged man with heart disease and unfitted for heavy work cannot obtain suitable employment at the Labour Exchange. He asked for a grant from the King's Fund, so that he might start boot repairing, and was turned down. What is the Fund for?

Government Department, Too!—We find that old soldiers are being discharged from Woolwich Arsenal, while civilians and lady clerks have been retained. "Don't pity him—find him a job!" What sarcasm in that appeal!

A Bad Beginning:—Ex-soldiers have been promised snug farms and allotments. Three Badgers applied for ground at Dyne Road, Kilburn, about 18 months ago. This place is being dug up now for allotments, and soldiers have been refused participation, although some civilians, who have already several pieces of ground, are being provided with their plots by the authorities.

Another Turned Down:—Badger S. H. Leach served with Messrs. J. Spicer & Sons, Upper Thames Street, for 5 years before he became a gunner; now that he wants to get back, he has received the following: "We have no vacancy, and we do not think there is any prospect of our being able to employ you again, as it is difficult for us to find places for our pre-war staff." Why not shift some of those who have had "comfy" jobs during the war?

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

THE PANTHER'S STABLE.

By "THE SQUIRE."

At last we have got down to real flat racing. I cannot help thinking that Sir Alec Black has shown commendable discretion in deciding not to run The Panther this week. Had he done so he would probably have courted defeat. The son of Tracery is well enough in himself, but cannot possibly, at this date, be quite "top-notch" in point of fitness. We cannot expect him to be. His preparation is being timed for the classics. Besides, if I mistake not, The Panther is a stayer, and not a sprinter. In truth a Derby horse. Even should Stefan the Great beat him in the Two Thousand Guineas, which he may do, being the faster colt, I shall be looking to Sir Alec Black's representative to turn the tables upon him at Epsom. It is an encouraging sign that Manser's stable is striking a patch of winning form. Mr. A. E. Barton—Sir Alec Black's racing partner—has a particularly stylish, not to say promising, colt in Roi Hero, and no trainer could wish for a better trial nag for The Panther. My advice is never to miss Roi Hero, no matter the company he is tackling. There is a deal more scope about this three-year-old than his half-brother. I can, moreover, see Manser, his trainer, though young in years, making a name for himself. His horses always look so well and so full of hard muscle. Some little interest will be taken in the running of Cygnus in the Column Produce Stakes, the son of Sunstar, having last season been purchased out of the fashionable Kingsclere stable. From what I hear I do not think Cygnus will disgrace himself.

Selections:

Newmarket—Wednesday.
Crawfurd Plate—Bright News.
Visitors' Plate—*Barocco.
Spring Three-Year-Old Stakes—Chuette.

Newmarket—Thursday.
Babraham Plate—Morning Star.
Column Produce Stakes—Cygnus.
Wood Ditton Stakes—Trespasser.

Newmarket—Friday.
Three-Year-Old Handicap—Old Bill.
April Plate—Dumfries.
Craven Stakes—Rizzio, if absent Rapidan.
Two-Year-Old Plate—*The Stickler.

Alexandra Park—Saturday.
Palace Handicap—St. Agnes Eve.
Three-Year-Old Handicap—*Royal Jewel.
Enfield Stakes—Pleiades.

Let
Everywoman's
Be Your Help-Mate.
THIS WEEK'S NUMBER CONTAINS EXCELLENT ARTICLES ON:
(1) Omelette and Egg Dishes.
(2) What to Wear.
(3) The "Human" Spring clean.
BUY A COPY TO-DAY.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

Mr. James W. G. French (in the *Teignmouth Post*):—"I beg to thank you for returning me as your member at the Election on Monday last. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to betray the confidence thus reposed in me."

"Daily Mail":—"Sir Adam Nimmo has resigned from his post at the Cot Controller's Department."

Capt. G. H. Davies (in the Daily Orders for No. 12 Camp, Prees Heath):—"Non-commissioned Officers and Men are forbidden to walk out with Private Soldiers."

"Birkenhead News" (advertisement):—"For Sale, Hens and Pullets, who walk in their sleep; owner having no further use for them."

"Stratford Express":—"Two Freehold Houses . . . let to low tenants at 10s. each."

"West Sussex Gazette":—"We regret to record a very narrow escape from death which the Vicar . . . experienced."

"Farnham, Haslemere and Hindhead Herald":—"Mrs. Russell said she was at the other end of the poll—at the bottom. She . . . hoped to fight again next year, when she hoped to be a little further up the pole."

"Home Chat":—"In the crowded reception-rooms they were practically alone together."

If you like the Films— you'll simply love

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SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

If you send your name and address to the David Macqueen Company, Ltd., Paternoster Square, London, E.C. 4, you will receive by return of post a free Package containing a sample box of Vegetine Pills, a tablet of Vegetine Soap, and a booklet entitled "Skin Troubles and Their Cure." Send to-day.

VEGETINE PILLS and VEGETINE SOAP are sold by all Chemists and Stores. The Pills price 1s. 3d., 3s. and 5s., and the Soap price 10½d. per tablet.

When writing for free Sample Package, mention if you are a regular reader of this paper.

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The Creamiest Custard
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His face was glad, his boots so bright,
Flashed and reflected all the light.
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The accents of that well-known name
"DAY & MARTIN'S!"
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Delay is Fatal!—Accept our FREE fire offer on page 16, now!

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"N. Y. Z."—We cannot quite see Uncle Sam lending £20,000,000,000 to Germany to finance her indemnity to the Allies, but you are at liberty to transmit the suggestion by cable to President Wilson.

PTE. S. H. (Llandudno).—The official "farewell" to our boys prisoned in Germany hoped they would go home as "missionaries" to spread "goodwill." The story of their dreadful sufferings and shocking treatment is the gospel they will spread.

P. A. B. (Brentwood).—"Small schoolboy, asked what Botany is, replied, 'Editor of JOHN BULL!'" No flowers, by request.

E. H. (Skipton).—So you think it would be a good idea if *all* Members of Parliament published a summary of their weekly work. In some instances, it could be done on the back of a visiting card.

"OSBORNE."—We are afraid there is little prospect of getting Divorce Law Reform through the House of Commons just at present, whilst, in any case, there is the bench of Bishops to contend with.

T. E. C. T.—The Editor was born in Hackney, London, March 23rd, 1860, at least, that is what he has been told. He has no recollection of the event himself.

R. Q. P.—We have no grudge against America—it is Wilson's bunkum we are up against.

V. E. F. (Hove).—"How can Sir Auckland Geddes possibly earn two such gigantic salaries?" The answer is simple—he belongs to a family of supermen.

P. A. (Alness).—You think the Attorney-General's fees excessive—but he was earning twice as much in private practice.

"EX-SERGEANT."—Happy to know that so many miners have the good sense to repudiate Smillie. The secret ballot's the thing.

N. E. C. (Parkstone).—We are constantly "at" the War Office about the "demobbing" of single men, frequently of short service, before the married ones.

A. F. (Temple).—Glad you think us one of the "*Biggest* Four," but we are not *quite* sure about J. H. Thomas—yet.

R. W. W. (Shrewsbury).—You think we should reduce our debt to America by purchasing and handing over to America the Bahamas! But, bless you, President Wilson wouldn't take them.

W. B. (Sunderland).—Oh no, we haven't forgotten Premium Bonds. Wait for the Budget debate.

M. D. R. (Edinburgh).—It is a scandalous thing that while Hun prisoners are supplied with delicious Tasmanian jam, the British public are fobbed off with nameless messes put on the market by conscienceless profiteers.

J. C. B. (Plymouth).—"Why is it some other papers are published and sold for 1½d. and JOHN BULL at 2d.?" Why is Government Ale sold at 2d., and Bass's at 8d. the half-pint?

"JOHN" (Ireland).—We are not clear who it is that is "fattening on the blood of sacrilege," but in any case, you might tell them with our compliments that they had better stop it.

V. N. (Bank of Ireland).—"Please do not insert this letter." To make quite sure, we are sitting on it while the paper goes to press.

E. A. (Bebington).—Thanks, but we do not require copies of letters you send to other papers. Warm in the sun, isn't it?

C. B. (Coventry).—"Courtauld's, Ltd., Artificial Silk Spinners, Coventry, has just paid its shareholders 40 per cent. dividend. To meet the increased cost of living, it has granted its clerical staff 10 per cent. increase in wages." Possibly this is the firm's quaint method of inducing its staff to become shareholders.

MRS. A. D. (Harpurhey).—We have no words fit for a firm that will not take back a soldier who served them 19 years. But we should dearly like to meet the boss face to face.

"A BRITISH GIRL" (Derby).—Something you "heard a lady friend say about something she had read that a soldier had written" has made your blood boil. Take a cooling draught.

T. W. (Edgbaston).—"Why was Sir Francis Lowe created a Knight in 1903?" Perhaps he sat up on his hind legs and said "please."

"SEVERAL EMPLOYEES" (Douglas).—The Isle of Man is not a foreign country. If you doubt us, get Sir Hall Caine's opinion. It would probably be strong.

"SQUARE DEAL" (Canadian Engineers).—"When are the Canadian farmers going to get home to put in the seed?" Cannot say exactly, but no doubt things will improve as the years roll by.

"FAITHFUL FOLLOWER" (Eltham).—Thanks for sample verses of your "Hymn to France." If you don't mind, we will let them simmer for a bit before you send us any more.

"DEMY."—We have had pleasure in forwarding to the right quarter the 10s. 3d. you were good enough to send as a contribution to the Fund for the sufferers in the *Iolaire* disaster, near Stornoway.

"CHEROKEE" (Forfar).—Although J. Hart Brittain still tells his scalp-pinching tale, we refuse to believe you have grown new fur on your old fur coat. But he might be glad of such a testimonial.

"ANTI-MONOPOLIST" (Eastbourne).—So glad we manage to please you. Without your good opinion, we might as well be dead.

J. D. (County Dublin).—It is a shame if Sinn Feiners are employed in public offices to the injury of discharged soldiers. Send further particulars.

A. W. (Stranraer).—Sadly afraid Government will not part up £400 for business sacrificed when joining the Army. But you might get it put on Germany's bill.

"A GRATEFUL SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Scotland).—"I feel it my solemn duty to write and thank you for all you have done for us. . . . Never once have I failed to post JOHN BULL to hubby. It acts like a tonic to the boys." Lady, your letter is one of the sweetest we have ever received.

H. J. R. (Stoke Newington).—"We have to line up 2 to 3 hours, and are lucky if we get 28 lbs. of coals." How on earth does Newington contrive to Stoke?

H. E. R. (Wandsworth).—To celebrate Peace you suggest family collections for our "Greatest of These—" Fund. We will gladly receive, and count on you as Volunteer Collector Number One.

H. G. H. (Croydon).—Afraid we cannot interfere between you and the dog and the gentleman, though if all you say is true, we do not blame you for saying it.

N. S. (Port Glasgow).—If you are the railway guard who contemplates shooting the engine driver, our strong advice to you is to do no such thing; or, if you must shoot, shoot yourself.

W. T. C. (Bournemouth).—Pray don't apologise for "vehement language." Far better loose it than strain yourself.

MRS. E. H. (Liverpool).—We agree with what you say about so-called spiritualists, but wish you wouldn't write to us in ink of bilious green.

"LIMO."—"My only acquaintance with spirits in the past has been Internal." We trust your acquaintance with them in the future will not be Infernal.

G. F. B. (Balham, S.W.).—A scrap of paper with "Money Lent to Ladies—4, Ravenswood Road, Balham, S.W.," printed thereon by means of a rubber stamp, seems to us likely to lead to the advertiser receiving visits from enraged husbands and brothers.

MRS. M. F. (Winnipeg).—We do not advocate emigration to Canada for British war widows with young children. As a matter of fact, we do not advocate emigration to Canada for anybody unless he has a certain job to go to.

"A STUDENT" (Tongland, N.B.).—You say you are one of a number of Women Engineering Students, and ask us to come and "see you through." Through what—an operation, or an exam.?

SURVIVORS of H.M. Mine Sweeper *Plumpton* are requested to communicate with Mrs. G. Kingsbury, 14, Bradley Avenue, Shirehampton, Bristol.

A. K. (Bath) AND OTHERS.—The statement on the tickets for the "Draw" promoted by the Ballymena and District Trades and Labour Council, that the winning numbers would be published in JOHN BULL, is quite unauthorised, it being contrary to our rule to insert such announcements.

S. R. O. (Edinburgh).—"I hope I am not encroaching on the space of your splendid journal." This is your full whack this week, anyway.

C. F. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—Clearly your husband did not deserve to be called a lazy man. Ladies passing Labour Exchanges should not make rude remarks.

"AN EX-SOLDIER" (Perth).—For one hour each evening, young women sell sleeping-car tickets on the railway. Really, we cannot see anything "abominable" in that. What do you hint at?

"HAREM" (B. E. F.).—"I wish to marry six wives; please inform me as to how many of them the Government would allot a separation allowance?" The "separation" allowance would be allotted to you—about ten years' penal.

"A WELL-WISHER."—"A onion will take more disease than anythink else. Put a cut onion in a room with any complaint. But on no account heat it. Burn it is best." Very well; we must burn it without heating it.

R. M. (Gold Coast).—We note your objection to "swedes and neutrals." That's a nasty one for the Swedes.

"HARTLEPOOL BOY."—We cannot publish comparisons between the leading towns in regard to War Loan subscriptions or Army volunteers, but if you feel inclined you have our full permission to chalk up the figures on your parlour wall.

G. D. (Billingsgate).—Your bright observations on the fish question have warmed our heart. Could you spare us a line or two on meat and veg.?

"A SOLDIER" (Belfast).—"All kinds of writers . . . seem to show the Irishman's bad points but never show his good points." His good points stick out so plainly that perhaps it is considered unnecessary to call attention to them.

E. M. B. (East Dereham).—You cannot persuade us that healthy, outdoor recreation on Sunday is a desecration of the Lord's Day. On the contrary.

PTE. A. B. (B.E.F., Mons).—"We do not like the pronunciation of the barber, as he speaks in JOHN BULL." Neither do we. But what would you? His education was *so* neglected.

T. E. T. (Mountain Ash) sends us a cutting from the *Aberdare Leader*, describing our article on "Smillie's Smellie Sentiments" as "Bottomley's Blustering Bluff." What about Aberdare's Awful Atmosphere?

"A FARMER'S JOHNNY" (Bradnop).—"One man is no better than another." Rather worse, if anything.

H. A. P. (London).—Quite agree that the present scheme of Old Age Pensions could be greatly improved. We are thinking out a new one.

"SILVER BADGE" (Sunderland).—You call your effort "A Small Rynie." It certainly is by way of being a frost.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

Price 6/-
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"John Bull" Pen Dept.
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Our Safety Model

This Pen can safely be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed the Nib section is withdrawn into the ink barrel and the pen is thus hermetically sealed.

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By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

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N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

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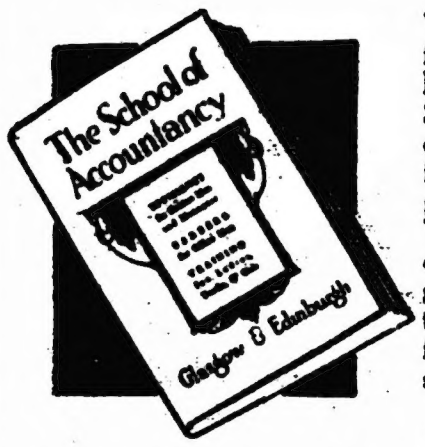


This is a plain, true statement of fact. It is no exaggeration. Employers everywhere are looking for trained men as Organisers, Office and Works Managers, Accountants, etc., and are willing to pay high salaries if they can get the right men.

Such men are not born. They are made by training and study. Scores of men who were ordinary office clerks are now holding positions and getting big salaries. These didn't come by "waiting for something to turn up." The men put in their spare time in study and training under expert guidance. Are you sufficiently enthusiastic and ambitious to follow their example?

The School of Accountancy offers this expert guidance and training through its postal courses. The efficiency of its training has been amply demonstrated and proven—it is not an experiment. It gives personal training adapted to the student's circumstances, his peculiar requirements, his capacity, the time at his disposal. It leads him, step by step, to the completion of his training. Some finish the course in a few months, others take much longer. It depends upon the time devoted to study and the aptitude of the pupil. The moderate fee is in any case the same.

This booklet, which is free and post free, gives particulars of the various courses of study, for these differ according to individual requirements. It gives the names and addresses of students who have "made good" and to whom reference can be made. Write for a copy to-day if you want £300, or £600, or £1,000 a year. Train for the big sums and you will get them.

FREE BOOK THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY,
2, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.

Please send me, free and post free, copy of booklet advertised in "John Bull," 1/4/19.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

The
Children's Bath

For the sake of their present comfort and the value of their complexions when they grow up, use Gibbs's Cold Cream Toilet Soap on your children's tender skins.

Absolutely pure, Gibbs's Cold Cream Soap contains a soothing, healing, natural ointment which renders the skin soft, smooth and fine in texture and at the same time protects the underlying tissues upon the health of which depends a beautiful complexion.

Gibbs's Cold Cream Soap

Per Tablet **6d.** Of all chemists.

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES of Shaving Soap, Dentifrice & Cold Cream Soap sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps.

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. T 13)
Cold Cream Soap Works,
(Estd. 1714) LONDON, E.1.

LONDON JOINT CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED.
HEAD OFFICE: 5, THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2.

31st DECEMBER, 1918.

Subscribed Capital	£24,428,948
Uncalled Capital	27,256,250
Paid-up Capital	7,172,697
Reserve Fund	7,172,697
Deposits	£334,698,435
Cash in hand and Balance at Bank of England	63,756,371
Money at Call and at Short Notice	65,808,169
Investments and Bills of Exchange	100,849,947
Advances	89,213,614
Advances on War Loans	14,213,201
Paid up Capital is now	£8,171,417
Reserve Fund " "	£8,171,417

OVERSEAS BRANCH: 65 & 66, OLD BROAD STREET, E.C. 2.
Specially organised for developing British Trade abroad.
Foreign Banking business of every description undertaken.

HOW TO SPEAK

at Political and Public Meetings, in Board Rooms, at Dinners—Anywhere.

People always listen to a man who has something to say—*if he knows how to say it.* Grenville Kleiser, author of the famous public-speaking course, says:—

"Give me 15 minutes a day and you'll become a forceful, convincing speaker."

Your speech gains fluency, persuasiveness, and point; your vocabulary is enriched; timidity vanishes; self-confidence develops; personality and power increase; all as a result of a few minutes a day devoted to the Kleiser Postal Course. To speak winningly and convincingly helps you in business public life and socially. Send the coupon (or a postcard) TO-DAY for full information to—

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO.,
Salisbury Square,
London, E.C.4.

To FUNK & WAGNALLS CO.,
Salisbury Square, E.C.4.

Without cost or obligation to me, please to send full particulars of Professor Grenville Kleiser's Correspondence Course in Public Speaking and the Development of Mental Power and Personality. (J.B.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

H. SAMUEL'S **FREE BOOK OF MONEY-SAVING BARGAINS**

FREE COPY AWAITS YOU!

A postcard addressed to H. Samuel brings you by return his beautifully illustrated Free Book of wonderful Bargains in high-class Jewellery, Watches and Plate offered at next-to-Factory Prices that save you pounds.

WRITE TO-DAY! HANDSOME WRIST WATCH. Luminous or non-luminous dial. Nickel silver case. **17/6**

H. SAMUEL
106, MARKET ST, Manchester.
(H. SAMUEL, LTD.)

MAZDA Drawn Wire

Mazda on the lamp means Economy in the meter

Sold by all Electrical Contractors, Ironmongers & Stores

ELECTRIC LAMPS

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd
77, UPPER THAMES ST. E.C.

"A Stitch in Time"—accept our Free Fire offer on page 16.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—Most Embarrassing When. Bullet:—Curate Drops The Baby. Example:—Getting Home. Bullet:—Difficult For Tommy. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated May 17th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 329.

THE BIG FOUR	WHAT BOTTOMLEY PREACHES	THE NEXT BUDGET	ATLANTIC FLIGHT
THE SOONER THE BETTER	CELEBRATING PEACE	HOWLING SWELLS	FIT FOR HEROES
THE WISEST PLAN	FOOLING	ALL I WANT IS	BETTER PAY
SHUT UP	THINKING IT OVER	AWAITING ORDERS	A BIG MISTAKE
WHEN WILSON RETURNS	HARDLY WON	A HOT FAVOURITE	FATHER'S KID
MR. HENPECK	RUBBING IT IN	TOMMY'S RECORD	PAYING FOR DEFEAT
MOST EMBARRASSING WHEN	SOUR GRAPES	WINNING ON POINTS	NOT GUILTY
SADDER AND WISER	HE SAID TO HER	GOOD LIVING	GETTING HOME

No. ___ Closing Date, Thursday, May 1st.
Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(329) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No. ___ Closing Date, Thursday, May 1st.
Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(329) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed _____
Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 329. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

No. ___ Closing Date, Thursday, May 1st.
Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(329) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.
Signed _____
Address _____

Write "Competition" in top left-hand corner of the envelope.

No. ___ Closing Date Thursday, May 1st.
Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(329) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.
Signed _____
Address _____

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 330.

BOTTOMLEY'S POSITION—A SILLY THING—HAVING IT OUT—PEACE TERMS—TOMMY'S GRATUITY—SAVING A LOT—GOING TO RUSSIA—A WOMAN'S WAY—PERHAPS—SWEET THINGS—SLOW TO LEARN—NOT ALL THERE—SHOCKS WILSON—SECOND HELPING—NOBODY'S FAULT—GIVING HER AWAY—TAXING THE BACHELOR—SWEETHEARTS—PAST WORK—AT IT AGAIN

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, MAY 8th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **330** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these any of the thirty-two examples for Competition 329.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 326 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 326th 'Bullets' Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. W. J. PEARCE,
56, Southborough Road,
South Hackney, London, E.9.

Example:—The Editor.
Bullet:—"Builder," Not "House" Decorator.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. A. H. NORMAN,
81, Foley Road, Worcester.

Example:—Without Capital.
Bullet:—Many Get "Tied Up."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. A. SINCLAIR,
Edward's Bazaar, Shrewsbury.

Example:—Settling The Trouble.
Bullet:—Profiteer Only "Makes More."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. W. H. Fowler, 17, Ealing Park Gardens, W. 5: Shopping—The Government Goes Blindfold.
Mrs. A. Meakin, 8, Verdant Lane, Catford, S.E. 6: The Present Government—"Only Hope" For Peace. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Lt.-Col. Eyre Lloyd, 33, Vicarage Drive, Eastbourne: The Present Government—"Assurance" Without A "Policy."
Mr. J. Scarth, 70, Melton Rd., King's Heath, B'h'm.: The Bare Idea—Present Stage Of Reconstruction.
Mr. W. H. Goodright, R.A. Barracks, Sheerness: Tempting—"Take Anything" For Peace.
Mr. B. D. Hopkins, Broad Oak Farm, Leighton Buzzard: A Bold Speech—Has Premier Forgotten It?
Mr. S. Boswell, 71, Southwick Rd., Sunderland: In The Slums—More Stones Than Plums.
Mr. G. W. Welfare, "The Lodge," High St., Eltham, S.E. 9: Making Bolsheviks—"Very Little Trouble" Nowadays.
Miss E. Hinton, The Pantheon, Oxford St., W. 1: Settling The Trouble—The Government "Gives" Most.
Mr. J. Veale, 16, Queen Victoria Rd., Coventry: In The Slums—Royalty Found Carpet Missing.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. A. Sheehan, 67 Madely St., Derby: Without Capital—England "Accommodated" Belgium.
Mr. J. Hunt, 24, Cannon St., Eccles: Shopping—Another "Fit For Heroes."
Mr. C. E. Thomas, 43, Birkenhead Av., Kingston-on-Th.: The Editor—Tommy's Press Agent.
Mr. R. Keech, 52, Mayfield Rd., Gosport: Pure and Simple—A Subject For "Confirmation."
Mr. R. Hawkey, West Rype, Lydd, Kent: Shopping—Bolshevik Takes His Revolver.
Mr. W. Hodgson, 2, Culmore Rd., Peckham: A Dry Sermon—The Deluge—In Words.
Mr. T. L. Jones, 30, Eastland Rd., Neath, Glam.: The Present Government—Generous To The "Extreme."
Mr. J. Crease, Rosslyn Hotel, Roslin, Midlothian: A Bold Speech—Seldom Follows Bottomley's Question.
Mr. A. G. Pound, 217, Ickmild Way, Letchworth.: Day Of Reckoning—Before Geddes Left Railway.
Mr. J. Rigby, 1, Botany Brow, Chorley, Lancs: Visiting Uncle—All Countries—Except America.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to John Bull and crossed _____ and Co. _____ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

THE

JOHN BULL GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." Claims will be paid to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published in the first issue of each month.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ..	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment, up to ..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks..	£1 per week

ORDER FORM
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice

Signed .....

Address .....

April 26, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM
Which must be posted to—
John Bull Insurance Dept., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of John Bull with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Home Address .....

April 26, 1919. .....

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose ½d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

YOUR CHICKS should gain 1 lb. a month on VICTORIA CHICKEN MEAL

Think of it! Maturity for market (or for laying) one month sooner than ordinarily fed chicks, will save the whole cost of feed from birth. Tests have proved the possibility of doing this, and *you* can do it if you will but try this grand feed.

FOR ADULT BIRDS VICTORIA POULTRY FOOD

The most inexpensive feed in the world, because it promotes robust health and stimulates egg-production by purely natural means.

FREE PRACTICAL TEST SAMPLE

sent on receipt of your own *and your dealer's* name and address.

INFORMATION BUREAU

on Dog and Poultry matters. All your queries answered free of charge. Give full details of feeds used, etc.

SPILLERS & BAKERS LTD.

339 Bute Street, CARDIFF

BICYCLE BARGAINS.—Write at once for clearance lists. Premiers, Humbers, Centaurs, Swifts, Triumphs, Rovers, Raglans, Court Royals, etc., grand bicycles from £8 19 6 cash (*maker's price* £15 15 0).—George King, Ltd., Great Cycle Dealer, Coventry

What About the Future?

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more men to successful future than any other institution in the world. I.C.S. training is simple, quick, and certain. At little cost it comes to you wherever you are, at home or overseas, aboard ship, in hospital, or barracks, and follows you round wherever you go. Post the coupon NOW!

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.,
53, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send me your free book containing full particulars of the Course of Correspondence Training before which I have marked X.

—Mining	—Business Training
—Mechanical	—Secretaryship
—Draughtsmanship	—Salesmanship
—Electrical	—Advertising
—Building	—Window Dressing
—Marine	—Textiles
—Motors	—Chemistry
—Steam	—Wireless Telegraphy
—Boiler	—Woodworking
—Agriculture	—Furniture
—Poultry Farming	—Fruit Farming
—Civil Engineering	—Careers for Women

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above list, write it here.

Name.....

Address.....

Let Us Point Out the chief feature of the Rudge-Whitworth—its reliability. Every part of the Rudge-Whitworth Bicycle is guaranteed, and every part is made to build up the claim that we make for the Rudge—that it is Britain's Best Bicycle.

Write for Catalogue Post Free, from nearest agent or direct from

Rudge-Whitworth Ltd. (Dept. 378) COVENTRY
London Depot: 230, Tottenham Ct. Rd. (Oxford Street end), W.1

By Appointment Cycle Makers to H.M. King George.

Rudge-Whitworth
Britain's Best Bicycle

RHEUMATISM CURED IN ONE MONTH.

New "Duo-Formula" Stops Pain and Loosens Every Joint—Ten Days' Treatment Free.

Think of it! In 30 days from now you may be freed from every trace of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, or Neuritis Hundreds of the worst cases have been cured. Why not you?

Mr. R. Condell, of 545, Old Park Road, Belfast, who was for four months in bed and unable to walk, has been completely cured. Other remarkable cures are reported every day all over the country. "Duo-Formula" was discovered a few months ago by Mr. Arthur Richards, who has since improved it, until no case, however bad, is beyond the power of this wonderful remedy.

Every sufferer can have a ten days' supply free of all charge. Simply send your name and full address to Mr. A. Richards, Dept. 76, Hazlitt House, 43-46, Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, London, W.C.2. Write to-day, as this offer may not be repeated.—(Advt.)

A WELCOME ECONOMY.

"Jack Tar" Pilchards are a delicious and economical dish. You should try them. The cost will work out at only a few pence for each person at table, and you will have a better meal than many a restaurant would give you for several shillings.

Ask for the "Jack Tar" brand. That name is your guarantee of the best Pilchards that money can buy.

'JACK TAR' PILCHARDS

Sold in small and large round and oval cans.

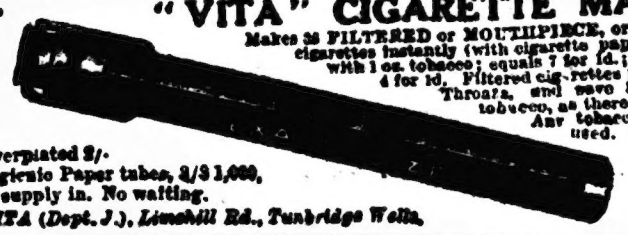
Guaranteed by Angus Watson & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MADE THROUGHOUT AT HAMMERSMITH.

THE LAMP THAT THROWS A LIGHT ON THE PROBLEM OF EFFICIENCY WITH ECONOMY.

Osram G.E.C. LAMPS

BEST GIFT for the TROOPS.



"VITA" CIGARETTE MAKER.

Makes 25 FILTERED or MOUTHPIECE, or 25 ordinary cigarettes instantly (with cigarette papers or tubes) with 1 oz. tobacco; equals 7 for 1d.; best tobacco 4 for 1d. Filtered cigarettes prevent Sore Throats, and save 50 per cent. tobacco, as there is No waste. Any tobacco can be used. Only weighs 4 oz. Fits in Cigarette Case. LADIES can use it.

Prices: Nickel 1/6. Silverplated 2/-. Sterling Silver, 5/-; Hygienic Paper tubes, 2/3 1,000, 1/6 500. Post free. New supply in. No waiting.

KNIGHT'S VITA (Dept. J.), Limehill Rd., Tunbridge Wells.

CORK LINO

Comfort—Elegance—Durability

Catesbys Cork Lino is noted for its beautiful appearance, extreme durability, and perfect comfort. Anyone can afford it. It is moderate in price and we allow a discount of 2/- in the £ for cash, or you may purchase on Easy Terms. Write for free patterns and prices.

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Dept. 19, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1

Mens Suits

Would you like on Easy Terms a better Suit than any other Tailor can make you for £5 less. Easy Terms? Then send a postcard that ask for Suit Set No. 91 and we'll send you a free set of real British Patterns, Book of Styles, and Measure-yourself Form. If you're not pleased with the Suit we guarantee your money back without delay or demur. 2/- in the £ discount for cash. Write before the best patterns are sold out and ask for Set No. 19.

CATESBYS Ltd.,
Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

YOUR ARMY OF OCCUPATION.

Every one of us can truthfully say that we have a vast army always on guard for us so that we may live in health and comfort.

This mighty army is the millions of tiny red bodies which give colour to the blood. They are forever attacking impure and poisonous elements in the blood. If this army becomes reduced in strength or is inefficient, we grow thin and weak, our nerves are enfeebled, our food does not nourish us, we are breathless, chilly and tired out.

Men and women whose armies of red blood corpuscles win their battle against disease are the fortunate ones. Those who are anæmic and deficient in blood, always ailing, are to be pitied, but they can be helped. New, rich, warm, healthy blood will be made for them if they take a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Their nerves will become steady, their complexion will improve, vitality will be restored to all parts of the body, and every function of life by regularised and strengthened. The simple reason is that Dr. Williams' pink pills make new healthy blood.

If you are not fit, Dr. Williams' pink pills will help you to health. Get a supply now from any dealer, and to avoid substitutes ask for Dr. Williams'.

FREE.—Send for a free copy of a useful Health Guide, addressing a post-card request to Book Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

DRAPERY REMNANTS Start in the Remnant Trade and make money. No experience required. Stocks of Prints, Velvets, Plushes, Towels, Hosiery, Overalls, Fancy Goods, &c. Price list free from **HARRY H. CLEGG** (Dept. Q), 96, HYDE STREET, MANCHESTER. Wholesale only.

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LIMITED.

Authorised Capital	£1,000,000
Shares Issued	700,000
Shareholders	4,000

Chairman: Mr. THOMAS FARROW.

HEAD OFFICE.

A Drawing Account (with Cheque Book) can be opened by any responsible person. Interest paid on approved Credit Balances.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

Send for Special Booklet.

Head Office.
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Branches Throughout United Kingdom.
A. H. & CO.

THE MOST **WONDERFUL VALUE** IN THE

RAINCOAT WORLD TO-DAY

You will want a new Raincoat sooner or later, so don't put the matter off until it does rain and then buy the first you see.

If you seek greater Style and greater value, the coat for you is the beautifully tailored, proper fitting "SARTOK" Raincoat. It is only because we are the actual Manufacturers that we can afford to sell them at the astonishingly low price of

29/6

So don't delay another day, and if you are not perfectly satisfied we willingly refund your money. Made in reliable quality Gabardine Cloth, in various shades, fully lined, check fabric, with smart belts and buckles. Ladies', Maids' and Youths' all in stock.

Write TO-DAY for FREE PATTERNS and Fashion Booklet.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.
(DEPT. J), 53, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

A Secret Safe

You alone know where it is.
Only £2 2s.
Same size as a brick—easily fitted invisibly into your wall—keeps your valuables far safer than till, box, or ordinary safe. You can let it into any wall in hidden position (as behind picture, furniture, etc.), giving absolute security. Best hardened steel door, good six-lever lock (no two alike), and secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Easy to fit in by yourself (list explains how) or bricklayer will do it in hour. Ideal for homes, hotels, vestries, shops, etc. Two sizes 9 ins., 42/-; 13 ins., 56/-. Sent car. paid on receipt of cash. Money back if dissatisfied and returned sound in 10 days car. paid. Cement for fixing one safe 1/- extra. Don't wait for burglars but order to-day before you suffer loss, or send for list and local agent to sole makers—
BRICK SAFE CO. 227, Morville St., Birmingham.

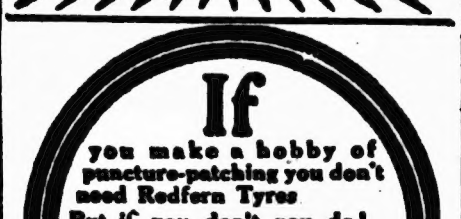
GRAVES
OF SHEFFIELD
Write for patterns, post free, of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Blouses, Mackintoshes, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches, Jewellery, Workers' Best Every Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Linos, Carpets, Frames, Cycles, Tyres, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Furniture, Poultry, Appliances, etc.
EASY J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD TERMS

Curacea
Reclaims Vitality

STRONG MEN AND WOMEN STRICKEN.

It is a common thing for men and women to break down under the strain of work and worry. If your physical condition has become lowered, take CURACEA at once, and brace up. It is the remedy for Neuritus, Neuralgia, Nerve Exhaustion, Loss of Appetite, Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia. You will never regret trying a bottle. Fits Vest Pocket.

Of all Chemists and Stores, or post free 2/6, from
CURACEA COMPANY (Section A),
Elm Grove, LONDON,
S.E. 15.



If
you make a hobby of puncture-patching you don't need Redfern Tyres
But if you don't you do!
It's the extra "life" in Redfern Rubber that gives the extra mileage.
REDFERN CYCLE TYRES

Spare the fat and spoil the child

Children *must* have fat. They cannot thrive on "Bread and Scrape." You cannot give them butter enough—give them "Skippers." These delicate little fish contain just what the children need—pure olive oil for warmth, phosphates to build bone and muscle.

Your retailer will supply you with a tin of

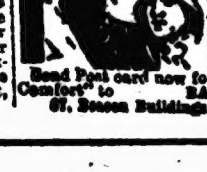
"Skippers"

"Skippers" are Brisling with Good Points.

for 1/- (GOVERNMENT PRICE). *A guarantee on every can.*

ANGUS WATSON & Co., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

£ **POUNDS FROM PENCE.** Golden Opportunities for making money by keeping Poultry, Birds, or Allotment are explained in 'POULTRY WORLD' 2d. The indispensable POULTRY Weekly. "CAGE BIRDS" 2d. makes bird breeding easy. "FOOD" the Smallholder's Friend 1d. Tells how to get the best out of Allotment or Garden. All Newsagent's and Bookstalls, every Friday. Specimens free from Publisher 154, Fleet Street, London, E.C.



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Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write for information and free literature to N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, marking the envelope "Medical."

The National Council provides neither prescriptions nor drugs.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President: Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents: The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D., Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary: Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

Printed and Published by the Proprietors (JOHN BULL, LTD), by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc. South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd.